

OCTOBER 17, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



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ILLUSTRATED

- 4 SCOREBOARD 34 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT 62 COMING EVENTS
- 11 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES 54 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR 61 THE 15TH HOLE
- 54 PAT ON THE BACK
- 15 SPECTACLE: PRINCETON SATURDAY
In 80-odd years of football Old Nassau has developed some notably graceful and colorful ways of spending a fall Saturday. LISA LARSEN's photographs give a sample IN COLOR
- 19 COLLEGE ATHLETICS: BEST OF TWO WORLDS
The president of Yale, DR. A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD, having found his desk and his hours cluttered with angry mail about football, sits down and writes his thoughts on how the college game went wrong and one way to correct it
- 20 1558: A WILD BLUE DREAM OF GLORY
Little noted in a week when Army met Michigan and Navy met Pitt, a competent and dedicated band of Flyboys—the pioneer class of the new Air Force Academy—launched their own football tradition under the appreciative eyes of JAMES MURRAY
- 22 MICHIGAN MARCHES ON
At Ann Arbor, a slashing halfback named Terry Barr led Michigan to its first victory over Army in six tries. MARK KAUFFMAN's pictures show one big reason the Wolverines are casting eyes at the Rose Bowl
- 26 TENNIS WITHOUT TRABERT
The king of the amateurs has turned pro and left a void behind him. His friend and Davis Cup team captain, WILLIAM F. TALBERT, takes a look at the future and our best, bright hopes among the young
- 32 GO FLY A KITE
In Thailand, that is, where Artist JOHN GROTH, in the first of an occasional series on Oriental sports, watched and sketched a woad battle of the sexes waged through the air. A double page IN COLOR
- 35 FOOTBALL IN THE EAST
Yale's former football coach views Yankeeblat's gridiron activities with restrained enthusiasm but finds some hot competition nonetheless. By HERMAN HICKMAN, who adds his next week's HUNCHES on page 37
- 40 ICY WIZARD OF THE ROYAL GAME
Saving Reshevsky, once the big wonder of chess, has achieved preeminence in this parcel of intellectual competitions by literally devoting a lifetime to the game. By JOHN KOBLER
- 42 HUNTING THE OTTER IN ENGLAND
An ancient and traditional sport with unusual problems for both hunter and dog is described in three pages of photographs IN COLOR and text by ERIC BENNETT

THE DEPARTMENTS:

- 4 Hotbox: JIMMY FEMAL asks: Is golf an athletic contest?
- 35 Tip from the Top: Ed FURGOL gives some pointers on using the right elbow
- 57 Yesterday: Remember the day they danced in Brooklyn's streets because the Dodgers won the Series? It's history now



COVER: PRINCETON BAND

Photograph by Lisa Larsen

Looking for all the world like a chorus backing up George M. Cohan, the Princeton band marches into Palmer Stadium. Their uniforms are a parody of Ivy League fashion: orange-and-black plaid blazers, skimmers with tiger-striped ribbons, gray flannels, black knit ties, white buckskin shoes. The 76-piece band, under the direction of Richard Frank Goldman, shuns goose steps and baton whirling but makes the welkin ring for Old Nassau. For more of the color of a Princeton Saturday, see page 15.

Acknowledgments in page 56

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE OHIO STATE STORY

A great halfback, a controversial coach and the most influential second-guessers in college football

SURF FULL OF STRIPERS

The look and feel of some of the East's finest fishing, in color photographs and appreciative words

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● Germany's daring Wilhelm Noll skidded his streamlined 500-cc. BMW at breakneck 177.09 mph over flying mile in speed trials near Munich, snapped world record for motorcycles with side car. ● Anatoli Vedyakov, Soviet heel-and-toe expert, ambled 30,000-meter walk in 2:20:46.2 at Moscow,

became latest Russian to claim world mark. ● Egyptian Prince, after finishing fourth in opening heat, came back nearly for Driver Earl Avery, tore off 2:02 mile in second heat to break 24-year-old world race standard for 2-year-old trotters, went on to win \$16,933 Hanover Filly Stake at Lexington, Ky.

FOOTBALL

Michigan treated 97,239 fans to dazzling display of power, parlayed spectacular running of Halfback Terry Barr and hard-hitting defense into 26-2 whipping of lumbering Army at Ann Arbor, Mich., moved into No. 1 spot in AP poll (see page 22).

Ohio State's shifty-legged All-American Halfback Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy ran wild against Illinois, scored twice, puffed up 92 yards as Buckeyes won 27-12 at Columbus, Ohio.

Wisconsin had its hands full with stubborn Purdue line but used touchdown by piston-legged Charlie Thomas, 18-yard field goal by Paul Schweika to edge Boiler-makers 9-6 at Lafayette, Ind.

Oklahoma's deft-handed Jimmy Harris turned loose Jimmy McDonald and Bob Burris for three touchdowns and rangy Center Jerry Tubbs intercepted three passes to help speedy Sooners roll over Texas 20-0 at Dallas, stretched nation's longest winning streak to 22.

Notre Dame's able Paul Hornung gambled on two fourth-down passes, completed both for touchdowns to give Irish 14-0 win over disappointed Miami before 75,885, largest crowd ever in Orange Bowl.

Georgia Tech had tough going until reserve Quarterback Tony Vann threw 46-yard scoring pass to George Volkert to provide Engineers with 7-0 margin over embattled LSU at Baton Rouge, La.

Maryland, with speedy Ed Vereb going over twice on short plunges, had easy time with Wake Forest, rolled to 28-7 victory at College Park, Md.

Navy pierced beefy Pitt line for two touchdowns by crashing Fullback Dick Guest, picked up third on pinpoint passing of Quarterback George Welsh, outscored Panthers 21-0 at Baltimore.

UCLA played it close to vest in first half, then overpowered Oregon State 35-0 at Los Angeles on brilliant running of Sam Brown and Bob Davenport, last-quarter passes of Ronnie Knox.

Washington's Steve Roake teamed up with Ende Jim Houston and Cokey Lewis on 69-yard forward-lateral in last quarter for game's only score, upset Southern California 7-0 at Seattle to put Huskies in first place in Pacific Coast Conference standings.

Baltimore Colts, riding high in National Football League, upset Green Bay Packers 24-20 at Milwaukee on long-range passing of George Shaw, last-quarter field goal by Bert Rechichar, went third straight to keep pace with Los Angeles Rams at top of Western Conference standings.

Los Angeles all but eliminated slipping Detroit Lions from race, handed 1954 division champions their third consecutive loss in 17-10 game played before 54,836 at Detroit. Norm Van Brocklin passed for one Ram touchdown, set up other.

Cleveland Browns moved into contention in Eastern Conference, outscored Philadelphia Eagles 21-17 on veteran Otto Graham's passing, Dante Lavelli's skilled receiving at Cleveland.

Chicago Cardinals took advantage of Washington miscues, expert direction by second-year Quarterback Lamar McHan, handed Redskins their first defeat by 24-10 score at Washington.

Pittsburgh Steelers came from behind on Jimmy Flaks's 23-yard touchdown pass to Ray Mathews in last quarter, throttled New York Giants 26-23 at Pittsburgh after Coach Walt Kiesling was fined \$500 (heaviest in league history) by Commissioner Bert Bell for Kiesling's behavior toward officials week earlier.

San Francisco 49ers finally got into win column, rode to close 20-19 victory over Chicago Bears on Y. A. Tittle's two touchdowns (ones), hard-driving Hugh McElhenry's short plunge at Chicago.

HORSE RACING

Naik, big gray colt who had never won stakes race, took on East's top 2-year-olds, splashed down sloppy Widener chute to win second richest (\$125,125) Futurity at Belmont Park, N.Y., earned \$180,425 for Owner Mrs. Anson Bigelow of Palm Beach, Fla., daughter of late Joe Widener, longtime Belmont president.

Ben A. Jones, 9-1 short-ender ridden smartly by Bobby Permaine, gave 2-year-old picture another job, whipped past Mark's Richey in stretch, drove to 1½-length victory in \$28,400 Juvenile Handicap at Hawthorne, Chicago. Favored Swoon's Son, winner of six straight, finished weak third, was placed last for interference.

Ribot, 3-year-old Italian colt owned by Marchese Indica della Rochetta, stepped jauntily into lead in stretch, flashed burst of speed to take Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest horse race (\$7,325 to winner), before 150,000 at Longchamp.

Greater New York Association, Inc., nonprofit organization created by group of Jockey Club members headed by John W. Hanes, took over operation of Belmont Park, planned "rehabilitation" of all four New York tracks (others: Aqueduct, Jamaica and Saratoga).

HARNESS RACING

Scott Frost, Sel Camp's wide-striding 3-year-old bay son of Heat Mon, came back from first-heat collision with Gallophone, got enough encouragement from driver Joe O'Brien to pull borrowed bike to victory in next two heats of \$62,000 Kentucky Futurity at Lexington, Ky. to become harness racing's first triple-crown winner.

HUNT RACING

Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Walsh's 7-year-old bay gelding with John Cotter aboard, scooped past Uncle Joe in stretch, romped home by two lengths to win \$5,000 Rolling Rock International Gold Cup Handicap at Ligonier, Pa.

BOXING

Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, windmilling Far Rockaway, N.Y. heavyweight who fights only because "it's better than working for a living," was fooled by right hand leads for four rounds, finally began to fall away at pudgy Rex Layne in fifth, won by TKO in sixth at Detroit. Manager Lipsey Briehart brazenly insisted Hurricane was "ready for Marciano." Beaten Layne snarled: "He's nothing but a clown."

Willie Pasvano, rapidly outgrowing light heavyweight division, floored rugged Paddy Young twice in first round while experimenting with new slugging style, later reverted to usual fancy dancing to earn 10-round decision at New Orleans.

Paddy De Marco, former lightweight champion from Brooklyn, butted, crowded and elbowed with sixth-ranked Kenny Lane of Muskegon, Mich., found time to score often enough to snap latter's 10-fight winning streak in roughhouse mainfest in New York.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodger players, their long-suffering fans still celebrating madly, heard good news that winners' World Series was worth \$9,765, scattered to respective homes to spend winter telling how they beat New York Yankees in seven games. Yankees, each \$5,196 richer (lower) share, took off for 25-game tour of Hawaii, Japan and Philippines, ruefully warned: "Wait until next year!"

Frank Lane, rip-roaring front-office wizard who resigned from Chicago White Sox, signed three-year contract as general manager of St. Louis, freely predicted seventh-place Cards would be pennant contender next year. Lane's rumored choice for manager, Freddie Hutchinson, former

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings (last week, with points figured on a 10-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 basis (first-place vote in parentheses))

	Points
1. Michigan (80)	1,562
2. Maryland (45)	1,457
3. Ohio State (23)	1,358
4. Notre Dame (2)	1,286
5. Georgia Tech (23)	881
6. Wisconsin (13)	707
7. Texas Christian (4)	645
8. Navy	641
9. UCLA (0)	550
10. West Virginia (13)	328

RUNNERS-UP: 11. Duke (0) 310, 12. Washington (4) 307, 13. Michigan State 302, 14. Ohio State 41, 15. Rice 26.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Is golf
an athletic
contest?**

HERBERT N. WHITE, Virginia Beach, Va.
Former baseball coach
at VMI



"No. An athlete can be a golfer, but a golfer need not be an athlete. An athlete should have courage, combativeness, strength and speed or agility. This does not imply that a man with one or more of these qualities is an athlete. A golfer can get along very well without any of them."

JACK FLECK, Davenport, Iowa
U.S. Open champion



"Very definitely. In the competitive field, golf requires a good deal of training and long hours of practice. It needs trained muscles and controlled strength as well as careful coordination and good thinking. No athletes require more preliminary effort to achieve a peak than top-ranking golfers."

HARRY CROWDER, Allentown, Pa.
Executive



"Where do the athletics come in? At the 19th hole? Maybe so, if you have a good throwing arm and can hold your own bending the elbow. A friend, embarrassed when he lost four strokes blasting out of a sand trap, said, 'This is a funny game.' His caddy replied, 'Mister, it isn't supposed to be.'"

CARLETON BLUNT, Chicago
Chairman, Evans
Scholars Foundation



"Yes. Golf is a strenuous game where one strives for perfection. Rarely does he succeed. Anything you do physically that is a challenge is an athletic contest. If golf is not an athletic contest, why do so many of my wealthy friends send their talented caddies to their alma maters to play golf?"

TEX MCGARRY, Manhattan, N.Y.
Radio and TV personality



"No. Golf is like mountain climbing. You are playing against yourself. Unlike mountain climbing, I never knew a golfer who worked up a good sweat. Sweat is a prime essential of an athletic contest. It's the only way one can get rid of his frustration. I've argued that question with Ike in Washington."

BING HOPE, Hollywood, Calif.
Actor



"Golf is a most strenuous and taxing athletic contest. Take my word for it, I know. I've been playing it for years, and you know the kind of opposition I run up against. If it were not such a strenuous, trying and tiring game, why should Bing Crosby find it necessary to take his nurse along as a caddy?"

TONY CARVAJAL, Fort Worth, Texas
Hotel manager



"Heck, no! It's an old man's game. For every athlete who plays golf, there are a hundred duffers who take golf as an excuse for a long walk in the country. I'm delighted it's that way. An old duffer like me has plenty of company I wouldn't have if it were an athletic contest."

GORDON SALTONSTALL WORCESTER, Boston
Psychologist



"Golf is greater than an athletic contest. It's like life itself. You may be hampered, or trapped, or stymied—the fascination is that you can try again. Training for full use of your power makes the difference between triumph in competition and the quiet desperation of conflict within yourself."

JOE GRAINGER, New York



President,
U.S. Golf Assn.

"Certainly. I've argued that with my tennis friends. They insist golf cannot be played defensively like tennis or football, etc.

That's not true. In golf, you place your opponent at a disadvantage by your offensive play. In no sport is a man more psychologically affected by his opponent than in golf."

REX SMITH, Gato City, Va.



Airline executive

"No. Golf is a great sport. Sure, it's a contest. But so are chess and billiards. We men like the game because of the excuses we can give our wives for long absences from home. The wives wonder why we gain weight playing golf. I can tell them why. There's a hot-dog stand on every other tee."

ED WYNNE, New York



Owner, Harwyn Club

"Not necessarily. I would not call the brand of golf played at my country club an athletic contest. Rather, it is a friendly and social game for exercise like croquet and bowling on the green. But it can be an athletic game, requiring stamina and skill, as played by the best amateurs and pros."

NEXT WEEK:

Professional baseball took most of the interest from college baseball. Will professional football do the same to college football?

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

CERTAINLY one of the best things SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has brought to the enjoyment of sports is the number of new names it has added to the roster of fine sportswriters," reader Ralph Cautley writes us from Sacramento, Calif.

Names that naturally crossed my mind included Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright, Paul O'Neil, Coles Phinizy—but because I happened to see this letter during the climactic day last week when the World Series ended, the name of Associate Editor Robert Creamer (who in this issue writes his final story of the 1955 baseball season) came first.

Our readers who have seen his stories on football at Slippery Rock State Teachers College (SI, Nov. 15) and the Wanamaker Mile (Feb. 14), among others, know that Bob

Creamer's talents extend far beyond baseball. But during the baseball season, it's baseball he writes.



ROBERT CREAMER

Tall, flaxen-haired and unduly given to sunburn, Bob opened the season this year with a visit to the Giants' training camp in Phoenix, Ariz. (SI, Mar. 21). Amid the tanned faces and rainbow-hued sportswear of the other sportswriters, Bob cut a solemn figure in a dark suit and

darker hat, which he wore like a protective umbrella against the sun's rays. To Leo Durocher and the rest of the Giants he promptly became known as The Undertaker.

Perhaps Bob won't mind my pointing out the weakness in the nickname, which was that when the season began he made the Giants his alive and kicking choice to win the National League pennant, a decision he revised in our July 18 issue when he felt compelled to give them a reluctant, early but nonetheless emphatic burial. A prediction for the World Series came out strikingly better: Creamer was almost alone in singling out the aging Jackie Robinson as a likely key figure in a Brooklyn triumph.

With baseball entering its off season, Bob Creamer is ready again to bring an encyclopedic knowledge to bear on other parts of the world of sports. In his case "encyclopedic" is not an extravagant term; before he joined SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Creamer was the sports editor of *Collier's Encyclopedia* and *Collier's Year Book*.

One of SI's expressed purposes is to report sports in the words of experts who are also entertaining writers. If SI has succeeded, I think it is fair to say that one reason is that Robert Creamer, in Reader Cautley's words, is among the many names this magazine "has added to the roster of fine sportswriters."

Harry Phillips

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

**Johnny comes marching home • Air Force tradition takes off •
Horse of a button-down collar • Death in the dusk • Subway
alumni in Crystal Ballroom • Thumbs down on Greasy Thumb**

HERO

IT DOESN'T take much time to make a hero in this country, sometimes no longer than nine innings. A week ago Tuesday it took just that hallowed length of time to turn an obscure Lithuanian-American country boy into one of the best-known and best-liked people in the United States.

What did he do? Well, John Joseph Podres, a left-handed pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, shut out the vaunted New York Yankees in the final game of the 1955 World Series to give the baseball championship of the world to Brooklyn for the first time in the history of that bizarre borough.

In effect, John, a baby-faced young man of 23, had slaughtered the cruel giant and freed his compatriots from an age-old yoke of tyranny, a heroic feat indeed. But heroism in this country requires more than achievement. It demands personality, and of a special, appealing nature. John Podres had it.

First of all, he was young. More than that, he looked young: pink cheeked, blue eyed, yellow haired. He came from the country—a tiny village squeezed between the Adirondack Mountains and Lake Champlain in upper New York State—and the country is the best place for heroes to come from. He was vastly pleased by his success and proud as a man can be, and nothing is more appealing than the sight of a man openly and justifiably pleased with himself (most new fathers, for example, and all successful fishermen).

Then, after the game, he went to the Dodgers' victory party at the

Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn and danced far into the night. Shades of Paul Bunyan! This was the stuff of legend.

He drove home in the rain from New York to Witherbee and had a real good fight with his best girl. He had invited her down to see three games of the Series and an enterprising newsman had inferred that the two were engaged. No such a thing, John said, and with a direct courage lacking in older, more experienced men, called the girl and hawled her out for saying it. She, to everyone's admiration, snapped right back at him, saying angrily that she had never said any such thing, John Podres. It was a nice, honest quarrel,

just like the one you had with your wife last week. The country loved it.

There were pictures of John in Witherbee, John in the barber shop, John at home with his family: mother, father, kid sister and three little brothers. Every American heart surged with feeling. What a wonderful thing for a small boy to have—a big brother who was the hero of the World Series.

The final touch was delightful. A newsreel clip made in Podres' home had Johnny showing a baseball to his 5-year-old brother, Jimmy.

"This was the last out," Johnny explained to Jimmy. "You remember Pee
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Tony Trabert has made up his mind to turn pro (see page 20). Strong probability: Aussie whiz kids Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall will announce similar decisions soon.

Michigan looked very much like the country's best football team as the Wolverines beat Army, 26-2. The Michigan rooting section's cry of "Rose Bowl, Rose Bowl" can now be heard coast-to-coast.

Nail, a previously undistinguished long shot, became the second gray colt in three years to win the Belmont Futurity, traditional fall test for 2-year-olds. The other: Native Dancer, who also showed up well on television.

National Olympic Day, to be celebrated Saturday, Oct. 22, will give spectators at football games and other sports events a chance to dig into their pockets, contribute toward the cost of sending the U.S. team to the 1956 Games.

Vienna this week welcomed home its world-famed but wandering Lipitzan horses, rescued from Russian collectivization in the fading days of World War II by General George Patton's tankers. Forced into a 10-year odyssey, the aristocrats of the horse world moved back in after the Red army pulled out of Austria.

Ronnie Knox's action of the week: eight minutes at tailback for UCLA, during which he threw seven passes, completed five for 56 yards and a touchdown. Harvey Knox's words of the week: Ronnie has already received three pro football offers, but "I'm grooming Ronnie to become an actor or writer in the movies."

Ducks Unlimited happily noted earlier predictions of a bumper waterfowl season were already beginning to come true: freezing weather in northern Canada has touched off an impressive southward migration of ducks and geese.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 12

Wee fielded the grounder and threw to Hodges for the last out?"

Jimmy, entranced by the lights and the cameras, nodded happily.

"Well," Johnny went on, "Gilly give it to me. He said he'd like to keep it himself, but he said he thought I deserved it. Wasn't that swell of him?"

Young Jimmy just grinned, but all over the country people nodded. It sure was swell of Gilly.

But he was right, Johnny. You deserved it.

UP THE FALCON!

THE ARMY MULE and the Navy goat are only moderately ancient mascots but neither West Point nor Annapolis has an altogether satisfying record of how the two animals achieved status in military society. West Point says vaguely that its cadets selected the mule as mascot "near the turn of the century." Annapolis says firmly that its first official goat mascot was El Cid, chosen in 1893, but there is a tarry legend which holds that, three years before El Cid, naval cadets swiped a grazing goat from land near the non-com quarters at West Point on the very day of the first Army-Navy football game. Navy beat Army that day, 24-0.

It is only natural, then, that there has already been some confusion about the U.S. Air Force Academy mascot, chosen just the other day. So that history may be better served, a true account of its selection follows:

Academy fledglings, building tradition with jet speed and swept-back efficiency, nominated a long line of mascots, then narrowed them down to the golden eagle and falcon after eliminating a highly improbable mountain lion. An officer who had been lobbying for the falcon then addressed the 300 cadets something like this:

"The falcon is a bird with a long and honorable history. It is famous for its swift flight, its powers of vision, courage and ferocity. It is especially noted for its courageous defense of its home nest. It has a flight speed of 100 mph and its speed in a dive is classified information. The golden eagle is a scavenger. You will now vote."

The falcon thereupon won a flap-down victory. Then the confusion set in. The *Denver Post* illustrated its election story with a 1951 photograph from its morgue. The picture showed an airman with a goshawk and the

caption described it as "a peregrine falcon, called a goshawk, the type of falcon chosen Tuesday by U.S. Air Force Academy cadets. . . ."

The picture caught the hawklike eye of a telephone company man who is by avocation a falconer, Harold Webster of Denver. A falcon, Webster curtly informed the *Post*, does not look at all like a goshawk. On the assumption that the Air Force had supplied the picture and written the misleading caption, he invited it to come out to his place and see what a real falcon looks like. So the *Post*, forgetting it had written the caption itself, snickered that the cadets "apparently wouldn't know a falcon if one swept down from the skies and bit a hole in their foot-ball." The news services picked up the story without checking and spread it around the country. Though the *Post* corrected itself next day, the news services didn't.

Webster did show the Academy a real falcon and demonstrated its prowess. He took one to the Academy and turned it loose. Then he tossed a pigeon into the air. The falcon dive-bombed the pigeon into the ground and the cadets gasped at the speed and accuracy of their bird.

Later, with Webster's help, the Academy acquired five young falcons. They are peregrine falcons of a type sometimes called the tundra falcon and the best of the lot will be fitted to a proper falcon hood in Air Academy silver and blue, made to look like a jet crash helmet. Webster will house them until the Academy can supply accommodations. He will try to train them to land triumphantly on mock-ups of the Army mule and the Navy goat. Meanwhile, according to Capt. H.H.D.



TELL ME ABOUT IT

*Did they block that kick?
What did they do?
The guy in front of me
Blocked my view.*

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Heiberg Jr., officer in charge of cadet activities, they are "eagerly feasting on mule and goat meat."

THE MADISON AVENUE HORSE

THE CAPTAINS and CREWS of New York's big advertising agencies will seize on an offbeat idea as though it were a pogo stick, but they also have a moody regard for money and dreams of baronial living (cross the offspring of a Wall Street banker and a Hollywood writer, select the most active male in the litter, keep him away from UCLA and teach him to make a dry Martini, and *voilà*—a Madison Avenue type). When one wearer of the Madison Avenue uniform (charcoal gray suit and pink shirt) decided, last winter, that it would be great to take up a collection and buy a race horse, the money was forthcoming before you could say Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. Well . . . at any rate, some money—\$10,000—contributed by 142 track-happy shareholders in an enterprise entitled Bangtail Preferred.

Since that day the 142 have shared one big racing thrill and several lesser ones, but they have also gained a sobering insight into the care, feeding and financing of thoroughbreds. Their teacher has been a 3-year-old gelding named Fly. It cost \$6,000 of the \$10,000 just to buy Fly from Alfred G. Vanderbilt, but he was a horse you could dream about—his daddy, Discovery, had sired a spectacular lot of offspring. Discovery's kids, in fact, had won \$4,650,000 in first-money alone. Fly, it developed, was a hearty eater; \$400 a month had to be allocated for his stabling, feeding and training. Another \$15.50 a month was necessary for shoes. Life insurance took a \$337 bite from the racing fund. The initial sales tax topped off \$180. Paper work and legal fees cost \$200. The Jockey Club decided that the name Bangtail Preferred lacked dignity; the owners paid another \$100 to register as the Madison Avenue Stable. Incidental expenses took \$150 and racing silks (charcoal and pink, naturally) took \$35.

Finally, however, Fly was entered in a race at Jamaica. Fifty faithful stockholders gathered to cheer him. He ran dead last. Four days later he ran eighth. Ten days later he ran sixth. A fortnight after that he ran eleventh. Furthermore he developed a sore back—starters, it developed, had kept him in control before races by twisting his tail around the back of the starting gate. He was sidelined for rest and heat treatments. By July 1, however, he

was in good health, and the ad men's trainer, Jimmy McTague—recalling that Discovery had run well in distance races—entered him at a mile and an eighth. Fly came from behind and won in the last jump. The delighted owners streamed to the winner's circle, then "adjourned to the bar and didn't see another race all day."



Fly had won \$2,275. But 10% went to the trainer. Another 10% went to the jockey. The exercise boy and the groom in attendance on him got \$25 apiece, and a boy who cooled him out after the race got \$10. Fly kept on eating. He also developed an infection in one hoof. It took six weeks to heal; at that point a blacksmith found a crack in another hoof. Then Trainer McTague had a heart attack. Fly has not run since. But horse and trainer are mending fast, and the Stable has high hopes for 1956. It has also received permission to increase its capitalization to \$50,000.

RAPPROCHEMENT IN PATERSON

THE POWER and the glory of the International Boxing Guild, a fight managers' fellowship devoted to the best interests of fight managers, was refurbished this week with the capitalization of the Martinez family of Paterson, N.J. to the demands of Honest Bill Daly, Guild treasurer.

Vince Martinez, a clever welterweight who ranks fifth as contender for Carmen Basilio's championship, was deprived of his livelihood after breaking off relations with Daly, his manager, in a dispute over what became of \$3,000 in fight proceeds. Vince's father, a dour, gray-haired man, had demanded an accounting and this, in managerial circles, is an act of *lese majeste*. Daly stomped out of the Martinez kitchen and, it is said, vowed that Vince would fight no more. It became very hard for Martinez to get a fight. Other managers sided with Daly.

Between May—when Julius Helfand, New York boxing commissioner, held a hearing and suspended Daly "for acts detrimental to boxing"—and this week, Vince got two fights. He is 26 years old and confident he can beat Basilio. This week Vince's father and Daly came to terms on a contract which re-established Daly as Vince's manager,

suspended in New York or not, for the next five years. It was a clear-cut victory for Daly and the Guild's managers. It was a blow to Vince's brother, Phil, who had fought to maintain Vince's independence.

"We couldn't get any fights," Phil explained. "Unless Vince works he can't make a nickel. For a year we held out. It was either go back or starve."

"I know one thing. Without Daly I don't think Vince could fight for the title. Unless you're in the good graces of the boys in control you're nothing. . . ."

"We got what you'd call honorable terms, you know. But we didn't get terms for our conscience."

RAISE YOUR RIGHT

THE CHIEF JUSTICE of the United States, Earl Warren, swore in a new Governor of the Virgin Islands a few days back and thereby touched gloves once again, in a figurative sort of way, with a fellow he used to try to flatten with a right cross.

Something like two score years have intervened since Mr. Justice Warren and Walter A. Gordon, the new governor, were accustomed to meet on the University of California campus and spar a few rounds together. Their bouts began a long friendship between the Negro athlete and the man who was to become Governor of California and head of the Supreme Court.

Gordon, who is 6 feet tall and weighs 240 pounds, made All-America on the California line and won his letter in wrestling, too. He remembers another

U of C man he boxed with once, even though the fellow was a lightweight. Gordon's Stanford opponent bowed out of a match and, to give the crowd action, he and the lightweight fought a three-round exhibition.

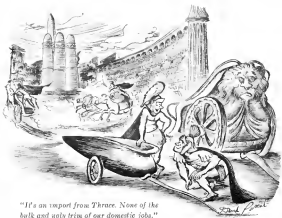
The lightweight was Jimmy Doolittle, who later became a general in the Air Force.

APPOINTMENT IN SALINAS

IT WAS TURNING DUSK, and the tiny silver Porsche Spyder, standing no higher than a man's belt buckle, was racing west on California's highway U.S. 466 where it lies like a piece of gray ribbon across the barren flatlands of the San Joaquin Valley. Gunning the throttle of this \$7,000 plaything was a wispy looking young man who was just starting to cash in on the Hollywood big time. Only a few days before, James Dean had completed a movie as Elizabeth Taylor's leading man, and now he was free of the studio prohibitions which had kept him off the race tracks while he was working. He was off to Salinas to put his new Porsche into its first official sports car competition. Seated alongside Jimmy Dean was Ralph Wuertheich, a young Porsche specialist who would be in the pits for him at Salinas.

Highway 466 forms the upper right arm of a Y before it ends at Highway 41 in this lonely stretch of California desert. Eastward along the stem of the Y in a conventional car drove Donald Turnpudd, a college student, who

continued on next page



"It's an import from Thrace. None of the bulk and ugly trim of our domestic jobs."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 13

planned to turn left at the junction. To repeat, it was dusk, and he simply did not see the tiny silver roadster cutting across his route from the other direction. The larger, heavier conventional car crumpled the Porsche like a piece of waste paper. Dean's neck was broken instantly, and Wuesterich survived only with violent injuries. Turn-of-speed was relatively unharmed.

This tragedy—and a deep tragedy it was to Dean's many friends—need never be repeated so long as the drivers of small sports cars and indeed all drivers memorize its lesson. Dean may or may not have been speeding at the time of the collision (a police check showed he averaged 75 mph from the point where he received a ticket two hours earlier) but he was a good driver on a straight and comparatively empty road. He simply failed to realize his own obscurity in a small car. It is an easy mistake to make, since small cars don't feel small once you get used to them.

This is not a pleasant story, but it won't be a senseless one if it makes that point with motorists.

FOOTBALL À LA EUGÉNIE

IT WAS the second quarter of the Notre Dame-Miami game, and Paul Hornung, Irish quarterback, faded back and looked for a receiver.

"Throw! Throw!" yelled the crowd. Hornung threw, straight to End Gene Kapish in the end zone, and the crowd went wild. One man broke into the Notre Dame Victory March. Another kissed a waitress. Another ordered two daiquiris and a Scotch with water.

Strange business for the Orange Bowl. Sure, but it wasn't in the Orange Bowl. The crowd of nearly 600 was 1,200 air miles away from Miami, Fla., packed into the Crystal Ballroom of Detroit's Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel, sitting at white-clothed tables instead of on tiered stadium seats and dining on Chicken Eugénie instead of hot dogs. Almost entirely pro-Notre Dame, they were watching the game on a giant screen as part of an 11-city closed circuit television hookup sponsored by the university itself in cooperation with the Sheraton hotel chain. They had come to enjoy (at \$5 a head) football in a nightclub atmosphere.

For the weather-weary fan, this was football at its plushiest but it was still football and this was a football crowd. They roared after each Notre Dame gain, gasped when Miami began to

move and booed the officials on every penalty against the Irish. When Hornung hit his second touchdown pass for the final 14-0 score (leaving Notre Dame unbeaten and unscored upon in three games), the crystal chandeliers tinkled like victory bells in the Sacred Heart Chapel at South Bend.

As the crowd filed out it was apparent most of them would be back—they had already begun to worry about the next Irish opponent. "I don't see how we can stop Michigan State from scoring even if we do win," a man said.

If he had known the two stocky young gentlemen he brushed past at that moment he would have worried even more. They were Lou Agass and Bill Yoeman, Michigan State assistant coaches, and under their arms bulged scouting reports on the Fighting Irish—as seen on the 8-by-12-foot television screen in the ballroom of a Detroit hotel.

GREASY THUMB

JACOB M. (Greasy Thumb) GUXIK is a jowly Chicago hoodlum with a long history, unlimited supplies of folding money and a practiced ease in courtrooms. In his latest courtroom appearance, in Chicago the other day, Greasy Thumb refused to say whether he once was a buddy of Al Capone's and whether he managed a bawdy

house named the Four Deuces for Capone back in the '20s. He clammed up when asked how well he knew a long roster of his contemporaries, characters known in Chicago's gangland history as Shotgun Gussie, Little New York Campagna, Paul the Waiter Ricca, Cherry Nose Gioe, Murray the Camel Humphreys, Loudmouth Levin, Crackers Mendina, Screw Moore, Sonny Boy Quirk, Chew Tobacco Rynn, Fur Sammons, Mops Volpe, Three-Fingered Jack White and Sam Golf Bag Hunt (sometime bodyguard of Big Boxing's James D. Norris).

What Greasy Thumb did admit—in fact it led to his being in court—was that he had been buying up stock in Chicago's Arlington Park and Washington Park, the latter the scene of the Nashua-Swaps match race last August. Ben Lindheimer, manager of the two tracks, has been barring Guxik from the tracks—a stockholder or not. Stockholder Guxik went to court to demand a look at the track's books. Arlington and Washington are convinced Guxik and friends are trying to get control of two of the best tracks in the country and are asking the court to halt Guxik from buying any more stock. The court is considering the legal niceties.

All of which makes it an excellent time to state a principle: there is no room in horse racing for the thumb of Jacob M. Guxik and the mob.

SPECTACLE

PRINCETON SATURDAY

The blazered handsomen of Old Nassau symbolize 80-odd years of tradition on a field where football is more than a game

The football history of proud Princeton goes back 80-odd years through fat and lean, through bright weather and storm—but whether or not the men of Old Nassau produce a national championship contender (as they sometimes have) or just an Ivy League champion (their unvarying purpose nowadays), Princeton enjoys the game and its traditions with a savor all its own. A game at Palmer Stadium is more than just a game and a score: it is a pilgrimage and a picnic, too, filled with the color of autumn and the noise of Princeton's highly polished brass band. A reminiscing crowd gathers, lunches along the shores of Lake Carnegie, on the terraces of the clubs or from station-wagon tailgates beneath the towering elms. Then they follow the band to cheer the team. For one thoughtful Ivy League man's reflections on football's place in the world of college, see the article by Whitney Griswold, President of Yale, on page 19.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LISA LARSEN





TRIM CAPS FORWARD, tweed collars turned up against the chill that comes with half-time shadows, two Princetonians share a uniform look and an appetite for hot dogs.



ORANGE-AND-BLACK stripes on traditional boater and a six-foot scarf add to the blaze of a golden afternoon. Mouton-collared coats and poles are raccoon coats of the '50s.

"GOING BACK, going back, going back to Nassau Hall," rings across Palmer Stadium as roving students and their "drags" sing to the tireless encouragement of their cheer-leading "tiger."



BEANIE-HAWKING STUDENT, unsold samples on his head, proclaims his loyalty with his tie, his tiger badge. Neat sunans, a tweed jacket are Ivy League trademarks.





OLD GRAD Clement Hoopes, class of '29, and his wife Marcia came for game from their Bucks County, Pa. home. Hoopes's double-breasted tweed coat boasts matching hat.



EATING CLUB once F. Scott Fitzgerald's, accommodates guest in tweeds which are as classic as a Princeton-Harvard game. She eats a box-lunch sandwich before the kickoff.



PREGAME COCKTAILS are poured from an elegant leather portable bar by a tweed-jacketed son of Nassau. Convivial reunion air reigns over all Big Three games.

college athletics

BEST OF TWO WORLDS

by A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD



PRESIDENT GRISWOLD APPRECIATIVELY WATCHES YALE'S THRIVING INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

The president of Yale believes college football has forgotten its main purpose and suggests some cures that won't kill the patient

IT is autumn, the season of foliage and football. The president of the university sits at his desk staring despondently at a stack of unanswered mail. He has had no time to enjoy the foliage. But he has had plenty of football: a good season so far, only two weeks to go till the big game, and that looks like a safe bet. The president has witnessed this progress from the 50-yard line each Saturday, returning to his fireside with the nostalgic aroma of crushed turf and bonfires in his nostrils and the echoes of triumphant cheering and music in his ears. A pleasing prospect, surely. Yet on top of his mail lies the following letter:

Dear Sir:

In your last *Alumni Day* address you said: "The foundation of this, indeed of all similar institutions of higher learning, is the devotion and support of its alumni." I have just been assigned to a seat in Section X for the _____ game. I would like to know how you square these two propositions. Personally I consider these seats on itself. Until I have a satisfactory explanation from you I intend to withhold my contribution to the alumni fund.

Very truly yours,

P.S. Please don't job this off on the secretary of the university or the athletic director. I'm sick of their snitch.

Copies to class secretary, alumni secretary, alumni magazine, etc.

The president reflects. He considers the athletic office's problem of allocating seats to 60,000 people, half of whom want to sit in one section and the other half in the one opposite, and his mind conjures up an inverted pyramid of humanity with the apex resting upon his own head. He scribbles on the margin of the letter, "Miss Jones—I guess I'll have to answer this," and turns to the next item, a memorandum!

From: Dean, College of Liberal Arts

To: The President of the University

Subject: Eligibility of George W. B.—

The Committee on Eligibility finds that George B.— has been receiving financial assistance from nonuniversity sources which he has not made known to this committee. Such assistance seems clearly to have been given to B.— by members of the University Alumni Association in its own city. Since this violates

the university's rule and the anti-university agreement, he has been declared ineligible. The committee suggests you communicate these facts to the aforementioned alumni association and that you take steps to restrain it from further activities of this sort.

Respectfully submitted,

The president experiences a slight increase in pulse rate. He is soothed by the familiar signature on the next letter, but not for long:

Dear Joe:

I was wondering if you knew how fed up the alumni around here are at the way George _____ was declared ineligible. In case you didn't I thought I ought to tell you. Just yesterday at the club, Sam was wounding off about it. You know Sam, but then. He seemed to be getting pretty general support. Said B.— was the best all-state halfback he'd seen in 20 years, a fine boy and a leader, and if the university was getting too good for boys like him he was through. He said some other things, mostly shorter. The main point was the support he was getting. I thought you ought to know about that.

Take it easy, Joe.

Your friend and classmate,

The president looks at his watch. Only 15 minutes before his appointment with the dean of the medical school, then a long session with the faculty committee on liberal education. Two large folders relating to these appointments are still in his briefcase. Yet the mail must be answered, and the next item in the mail is a letter from Professor A:

Dear Mr. President:

I have just been reading the treasurer's report, which shows (on page 12) an athletic deficit of \$600,000. I am shocked, as I am sure my colleagues will be. How can we possibly justify such an expenditure of university funds on this? It all requires in the face of your frequent yet unfulfilled promises to raise faculty salaries? The time has come, Mr. President, for this university to recognize the true purpose for which it exists.

Sincerely yours,

He thinks, what is this, anyway—an educational institution or an athletic club? He may even think: How would

continued on page 40

1958: WILD BLUE DREAM OF

The big games were in towns like Ann Arbor and Baltimore—where Army lost to Michigan and Navy routed Pitt—but barely noted, on a dusty field in Denver, a bunch of junior birdmen proudly bearing the name Air Force Falcons played a game which made football history

by JAMES MURRAY

THE TIME is 1958. The place, Soldier Field, Chicago. The scoreboard shows there is less than a minute to play, the score tied. A hundred thousand spectators crame forward tensely as the team with the silver pants and blue jerseys and the lightning bolts traced along the helmets lines up in a flanking T. The ball is snapped and the quarterback fades gracefully to the right. Suddenly there is a silver-and-blue blur in the end zone. The crowd screams. A man is open. The quarterback's arm flashes—and a pass zips in like a jet at deck level for a touchdown. The stadium trembles from a mighty roar. The band hysterically strikes up *Off We Go—Into the Wild Blue Yonder* and hundreds of light-blue cadet caps go sailing up to the sky. Around the country, the headlines begin to roll off the presses: FLYBOYS BEAT ARMY, GO TO SUGAR BOWL...

That, of course, is the dream. And out on a field in Denver last Saturday, the team that hopes to make it come true, the heir presumptive to college football, the United States Air Force Academy, trotted 55 strong to play its first game ever. The place was not Soldier Field but the clean-scarred, dust-slaked University of Denver stadium. The opposition was not Army but a bumbling if willing band of U. of D. frosh and the crowd—while a respectable 17,785—would hardly have filled one end zone at the Army-Navy game. Only the score gave a hint of the future: Air Force 34, Denver Frosh 18.

The fact it was more than a frosh game, that it was indeed a rendezvous with history, did not escape the natives. Rhapsodized the *Denver Post* before the game: "It will be an historic hour... forget the game, forget the score. Be there to tell your grandchildren that you witnessed the first game played by the school which in years to come will many times be national champion." Not to be outdone, the

Rocky Mountain News murmured dreamily: "It's going to be a day and a game which will be referred to for centuries to come..."

Actually, the game quite nearly became a football embarrassment for centuries to come.

The scene was all set for the auspicious debut everyone expected. The cadets had marched in, 300 of them, in letter-perfect formation and had sped to their seats on the double, chanting "Beat D.U." in cadence. The teams had lined up and the Air Force kicked off—poorly—to the Denver 35. On the very first play the Denver quarterback, Don McCall, faded to pass. On the sidelines, the eight-deep coaching staff of the Air Force blanched. The team went into a May Day scramble, but before they could get out of it there was a bogey at 5 o'clock—a sure-handed, speed-burning halfback named Dick Stevens who took McCall's pass over his shoulder and sped past the frantic academy interceptors like a MIG running from a squadron of bent-blade biplanes.

It was a moment of awful truth and more awful portent. The academy had fielded a hand-picked team—all-state high school stars from the fertile football fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, sprinting stars from the West Coast, and lanky, sure-handed tacklers and pass-receivers from Texas and Dixie. It was a collection of football heroes which had left a string of anguished, apoplectic home-town football coaches from sea to shining sea screaming hoarsely at the academy recruiters. It was probably the only freshman football team in history to have an ex-professional football coach as tutor—the incomparable Buck Shaw whom the San Francisco 49ers with they had back. Fifty-five superb young athletes, the Falcons—restricted to base constantly—were in perfect physical condition and had practiced till

nightfall for weeks before the game. In the press box they had not one but two spotters shouting up-to-the-minute intelligence reports on what the enemy was up to.

It was clearly maximum effort and a cold chill went through the entire cadet wing when the Denverites scored with such contemptuous ease on just one play. Would this elite corps be run over roughshod by a bunch of amiable Joe Collegees who probably didn't even shine their shoes or press their blue jeans to go to class? Unthinkable.

And unthinkable it was. With admirable poise, the Air Force boys never wavered but regrouped in formation and took to the air. With Quarterback George Klutznick at the controls, the air cadets soon had the wheels up and locked and the squadron was heading for the wild blue yonder at Mach 1.

GUIDED-MUSCLE ATTACK

Led by a dive-bombing fullback, John White, who had never played football before (but only because his high school didn't field a team), and a guided-muscle tackle, Charles Zaleski, who was state high school heavyweight wrestling champ of West Virginia, the Air Force mixed swift aerial thrusts with devastating ground straffings, rolled up 338 yards and 23 first downs before returning to base.

After the first minute, the flying cadets were never headed. They went ahead variously 14-6, 28-12 and at the final gun had the Denver team so reeling under the heavy firepower that the press box gagsters were thinking of issuing a communiqué, "One of our football teams is missing." Of course, it was just possible that, aside from physical conditioning lack, the Denver team was not yet accustomed to the mile-high altitude of their alma mater. There were only four Denver boys mixed in a squad which included no less than nine sea-level bruisers from Pennsylvania and as many more from New York and New Jersey. Football players are one of Colorado's liveliest imports and the academy need make no apologies for taking its share.

Within three years, the U.S. Air Force Academy will be much more than a football team. By then, building toward full strength of 2,496 cadets and installed in a magnificent

GLORY

\$125,000,000 establishment at Colorado Springs, it will be about to harvest its first crop of supersonic officers as well as its first Sugar Bowl invitation. But, at present, the institution with the high-sounding name of U.S. Air Force Academy is a truncated wing of only 300 cadets housed in a cluster of frame barracks on one corner of Denver's Lowry Air Force Base and, without a tradition, it is trying to spring one, full-blown, via an all-smashing football team and a cadre of jet-pilot air training officers who have been dragooned into serving as synthetic upperclassmen for the cadets to teach them how to make life miserable for next year's and each succeeding year's classes.

Cadets at USAFA are expected to think of themselves as jet airplanes, are expected to give their flight characteristics, including rate of climb, operational ceiling, top and stall-out speed on demand. They must run from class to class (or anywhere else on base) in a stiff-necked "brace" as though they were already harnessed under the canopy of a 600-mph jet interceptor, and one of the hazards of crossing the quadrangle is that you might have a mid-air crash with one of these jets.

They are expected to address everyone as "sir" and to request permission of their air training officers before offering even the most harmless of observations. ("Lieut. Collins, sir, request permission to say something, sir.") At mess, they are encouraged to think even of food in aeronautical terms and must check with the "tower" (i.e., Lieut. Collins) for permission to "land" (sit down) or for "taxiing instructions" (permission to push chair back from table) before being allowed at meal's end to "take off" (get up) for "altitude" (room upstairs in the barracks).

During the meal, they are liable to be caught in mid-mouthful and required to spout such oratorical mouthfuls as the full quote on General MacArthur's "There is no substitute for victory" or any piece of "cadet knowledge" the ATO calls for. These are recited in a squared-back, bawled monotone not unlike a moppet who doesn't understand a word he's saying mumbling the Gettysburg Address.

The night before the Denver game, Lieut. Quincy Collins spotted a cadet

continued on page 39



PROUD MASCOT of a proud new school, the Air Force Academy's peregrine falcon sits atop the gloved hand of falconer Captain H. D. Heiberg and helps its namesakes (below) sweat out their opening football game against the Denver University Frosh.



GAME OF THE WEEK

MICHIGAN BREAKS ARMY



JINX

Having lost to the Cadets in all five of their previous games, Michigan took drastic revenge 26-2, moving a step closer to the Rose Bowl and knocking unbeaten Army out of First Ten. Halfback Terry Barr (No. 41 left and below) was bright new Michigan star

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



AFTER BOBBLING PUNT, BARR, A JUNIOR WHO HAD NEVER MADE VARSITY SCORE, TAKES OFF



ACROSS FIELD, HE CUTS DOWN SIDELINE FOR 42 YARDS AND SECOND OF HIS TOUCHDOWNS



GOLF'S THEIR GAME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KNOPP



1954 CHAMP, Mrs. J. Walker Hoopes, 58, of Wilmington, Del., wife of retired lumberman, shot first-round 81, 88 on second round.



NEW PRESIDENT of U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association, Mrs. Oscar Seeley, 63, Philadelphia doctor's wife, has played 43 years.



RUNNER-UP, Mrs. J. Stewart Brown, 54, Sewickley, Pa., was six strokes behind winner. Husband is Pittsburgh Plate Glass official.



1945 WINNER, Mrs. S. Hinman Bird, 68, of Armonk, N.Y., scored 198. She is wife of retired Tiffany executive, has seven grandchildren.

Football was on center stage, but people went right on with other things like these top golfers, all over 50, in the U.S. Senior matches at the Westchester Country Club.



AMATEUR WINNER in 1926, Mrs. Helen B. Stetson, 68, of Philadelphia, found herself out of practice, carded 191 for the two rounds.



CONSISTENT THREAT, Mrs. Robert F. Beard, 58, of Gladwyne, Pa., won the title in 1949 and was runner-up in 1950 and in 1954.



ROOKIE WINNER, Mrs. Harrison F. Flippin, 51, of Ardmore, Pa., won the tournament on her first try with 159. Her husband is doctor of internal medicine.



HEAD MAN at the Westchester Country Club show was Bernard (Ben) Duffy. Duffy, shown with wife, watched daughter Miriam ride five horses in the show.



CLEARING BARRIER, a jumper gets expert assistance from rider in the Westchester show. The winning jumper, Royal Guard, a chestnut gelding, was presented to the U.S. equestrian team by his owners, Mrs. Robert

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

HORSEMANSHIP IS THEIR

SHELTERED GUESTS at Essex meeting are M. A. Jones (left) of San Mateo, Calif. and Pentron Kuhn of Boise, Idaho. With umbrella as hostess, Mrs. E. Stuyvesant Pierrepont of Far Hills.



HURDLE RACE for the Wilmerding Memorial Cup provides scene worthy of an Alken print. Leading is the winner, Baschis, ridden by A. P. (Paddy) Smithwick and trained by M. G. Walsh.





Schmid and Gordon Wright of Savon Woods Farm in nearby White Plains, N.Y.



TOP TRAINER of hunters and jumpers, Gordon Wright perches on shooting stick. He was once asked to teach the King and Queen of Greece and family how to ride.



TOP HORSEMEN are Bill Steinhaus, U.S. equestrian team captain, Steeplechaser Dooley Adams (center), ex-Captain Arthur McCashin.

HOBBY

Horses and horsemen took over at the Westchester Country Club as members pooled energies, talents and time to stage their first show in 15 years (above). At Far Hills, N. J. it was steeplechasing as the followers of the Essex Fox Hounds held their annual race meeting

the top steeplechase trainer for 1955. The Essex race meeting was held at Dhu Varren, the estate of E. H. (Dutch) Ellis, and the proceeds were given to the Somerset, N.J. hospital.

OWNER-RIDER Charles Cann receives Fowler Memorial Cup from Mrs. A. Fowler for guiding his 7-year-old gelding, Galant Ship, to victory in big race of meet, New Jersey Hunt Cup, four miles over timber.



ROAD RALLY IN THE ROCKIES

For two days and 954 twisting miles more than 100 sports car enthusiasts crisscrossed the backbone of the U.S. seven times in the third annual Continental Divide Rally over one of the most beautiful routes of them all



WITH SHADOWS FORMING ON THE MOUNTAINSIDES, A SPORTS CAR SPEEDS TOWARD DURANGO



STRIPED SHIRTS are sported by William and Florence Johnson of Denver as they check the map before driving off in their

Austin-Healey. The rally, sponsored by the Sports Car Club of America, began in Colorado Springs and wound up in Durango.

AT ANCHOR ON THE COAST

It's only about 60 miles from San Francisco to Montezuma Slough at the mouth of the Sacramento River, but Pacific yachtsmen say the voyage is just about perfect for a relaxing weekend after the summer's racing



WITH SACRAMENTO RIVER AGLOW WITH MAST LIGHTS, WEEKEND SAILORS RELAX BELOW DECK



DINNER PARTY in the cozy cabin of the *Velero* finds Skipper Hank Brigham and his wife Midge (left) celebrating 33rd wedding

anniversary by playing the role of host to crew member friends Virginia Kelley, Phil Dalton, Dudley Kelley and Betty Dalton.

GREEN



GIAMMALVA



SHEA



MOSS



NEXT YEAR'S CHAMPIONS may include Mike Green—"round all-round game; serve and ground strokes need added power"; Sammy Giammalva—"needs control off the ground and

rugged competition"; Gil Shea—"fine serve, excellent volleying, inadequate ground strokes"; and Gerry Moss—"fine doubles player, but weak in serve and forehand, needs lots of work."

TENNIS WITHOUT TRABERT

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

The world's best amateur has turned pro and U.S. tennis is on the spot. Here our Davis Cup captain looks at the future and comments on some good prospects

AMATEUR tennis has lost its king. Tony Trabert, like Bill Tilden, Ellsworth Vines, Donald Budge, Jack Kramer and other champions before him, has caught the scent of quick, easy gold. This week he announced his long-awaited decision to turn pro, with the highest guarantee of any player in history. Though the exact terms of the contract remain secret, Promoter Jack Kramer calls this his highest deal yet, and Tony's fortune can be guessed at by citing the previously highest deals made: a \$75,000 guarantee against 30% of total receipts for Frank Sedgman, and the same terms for Donald Budge.

I know Trabert's decision is a disappointing one for the men who run amateur tennis. Some, I am sure, feel he made a terrible mistake. For American tennis and its Davis Cup hopes, the move leaves a giant void. It is like pulling the plug from the tub. Suddenly

everything is stranded high and dry.

There is some consolation. The Yankee dollars which lured Tony into the pro ranks are also beckoning to Lewis Hoad and Kenneth Rosewall, Australia's Davis Cup heroes. Promoter Kramer is hoping to land both of them any day now. If he succeeds, Davis Cup competition not only will be equalized between Australia and the U.S. but will also be thrown open to the rest of the world.

No one can deny that this would be a healthy situation for the game generally. Without U.S. and Australian teams to dominate the Challenge Round as they have been doing for the last 18 years, the other nations—if I may be forgiven a non-nationalistic viewpoint—will have a chance for a change.

But, as Captain for the U.S. Davis Cup team, my first interest naturally remains in recovering the Cup from

Australia and keeping it on these shores. This now shapes up as a man-size job. We have, I think, a fine crop of players coming up but how soon they can be toughened for international competition is another question.

We can no longer count very heavily on Vic Seixas, who is talking retirement. Ham Richardson must give first consideration to his duties as a Rhodes scholar. It will be a new lineup, with some names which are not yet too familiar to sports-page readers. The best of them, with my comments on their ability today, are pictured on this page. None of them is a Trabert yet—but with a bit of polishing and refining here and there, who knows? Perhaps in a year or two they will be fighting the international tennis wars, winning the championships and, as it seems impossible to avoid, attracting in their turn the eyes of the promoters with the heavy gold. **(END)**

MACKAY



HOLMBERG



BAUMGARDNER



HENRY



FUTURE HOPEFULS are Barry McKay—"strong, super exponent of the big game; practice and international play will do wonders"; Ron Holmberg—"brilliant, erratic 17-year-old; needs

only steadiness"; Karl Baumgardner—"tremendous serve, good volley, fair ground strokes; needs competition"; Crawford Henry—"fine forehand, adequate serve and volley, needs experience."

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IN COURTS SEPARATED BY A LOW FENCE, OPPOSING TEAMS MANEUVER LARGER PLUNGING CHULA NITE AND MORE AGILE PAKPAO IN AERIAL



COMBAT AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BANGKOK'S GOLDEN TEMPLES



GO FLY A KITE

When a Bangkok girl gives her boy friend this advice, she may be trying to build him up—not let him down

THIS BATTLE of the sexes takes strange forms around the world. Artist John Groth, who has depicted some of its bizarre aspects in the past, encountered what may be its oddest manifestation in Thailand recently while on tour for SI. This is kite fighting, in which masculine size and strength, represented by the *chula* (above, left) is pitted against the smaller, speedier female of the kite species, the *pakpoo*. Teams of four to 20 men send up kites made of thin rice paper and seasoned bamboo and engage each other with the purpose of bringing down the opposing "him" or "her" in their own court. At left, Groth has painted kite fighting's World Series, staged by the Thai Traditional Sports Association on the huge green Pramane Parade Grounds near Bangkok's Imperial Palace. Not only a popular pastime for many centuries, kiteflying also brightens Thailand folklore. One amorous prince is said to have mounted to his lady love's chamber via a taat kite string.



"Father wore this Viyella shirt at Mafeking in 1899"

The other day one of our Scottish customers showed us a Viyella shirt which his venerable daddy had worn during the Boer War. The son, no chicken himself, is still wearing it, fifty-six years later. The collar and cuffs now need turning.

Viyella (rhymes with hi-fella) is the most imitated of all fabrics. And no wonder—it is so sensuously soft and light.

It is spun near Sherwood Forest in England, from a cunning mixture of cosy lambs' wool and strong Egyptian cotton. It is completely washable—you can safely send Viyella to your laundry!

The shirt in our photograph is not the Mufeking veteran, but a new one, made by the great Hathaway. The tartan is Campbell Dress, shown here against an appropriate back-drop—Inveraray Castle,

ancestral home of the Dukes of Argyll, heads of the Campbell clan.

Viyella shirts by Hathaway come in a thundering range of plain colors and authentic Scottish tartans, among which Campbell Dress, Royal Stewart and Macpherson are outstanding. For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call MUrray Hill 9-4157.



FLYING HALFBACK Lenny Moore is the spearhead of Penn State's offensive.



PASSING THREAT for Pitt is strong-armed Quarterback Cory Salvaterra.



ALL-AMERICA END Ron Beagle is a mainstay of Navy's powerful air attack.



NOVICE QUARTERBACK Don Hollender, All-America end, is Army's hope.

FOOTBALL IN THE EAST

Yale's former coach differs with Yale's president (see page 19) on the care and training of Ivy, but he concedes that there is still plenty of hot competition among his old friends in Yankee land

by HERMAN HICKMAN

HERE IN THE EAST, where legendary figures once strode the gridirons in football's husky, brawling youth, the game is not what it used to be. Maybe the once-great rulers grew weary of winning, or became too civilized. Whatever it was, in the past 25 years the old-line colleges of the Ivy Group, except for sporadic outbursts, have not ranked favorably with other sections in the game. This decline in Ivy football culminated with the decision to give up spring practice. Practically overnight Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell—three valiant contenders on the national scene in late years—became pushovers for outside competition. Thus a policy of isolationism became necessary and the Ivy Group became the Ivy League, which goes into effect fully in 1956. Under this setup all the teams will play each other, causing a virtual schedule ban against the strong eastern independents. Let's take a look first at these top independents who uphold the prestige of eastern football on many a far-flung field.

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Navy. The Middies' 21-0 win over Pittsburgh last Saturday definitely establishes them as a contender for national honors. George Welsh must be recognized as the best quarterback in Navy history. End Ron Beagle anchors a stalwart line.

Army. Although the injury-riddled Cadets were decimated by Michigan 26-2, they cannot be ruled out as one of the East's top contenders. The line, led by Ralph Chensaukas, has offensive punch and defensive mobility. Fullback Pat Uebel is tops. All-America End Don Hollender needs more experience at quarterback and he has got to improve in his passing.

Pittsburgh. Beaten by Oklahoma and Navy, the Panthers are nonetheless prowling once again. Quarterback Cory Salvaterra spearheads and directs the offense, while Center John Cenci controls the defensive operations of a large and competent line.

Penn State. The Nittany Lions have a strong running attack from their winged-T formation, but do not have or do not sufficiently use an aerial offensive. The line, led by Tackle Otto Kneidinger, is large and rugged looking. Lenny Moore at halfback can do everything they said he could. Another halfback, Billy Kane, can also go.

OTHER INDEPENDENTS

Holy Cross. The Crusaders conquered Colgate last Saturday to remain unbeaten. Guard Jim Buonopane is one of the best in the country. Quarterback Jack Stephens gives direction to a speedy and alert backfield.

Boston College. Last season BC cut down on its suicidal intersectional schedule and was generally considered the best team in New England. They will be outmanned only by Miami (Fla.) this season and could get by with just one defeat. Outstanding men are John Miller at tackle and Eddie DeSilva at halfback.

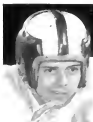
Colgate. After defeating Dartmouth and Cornell, Colgate was finally stopped by Holy Cross in a close affair that could have gone the other way. Quarterback Guy Martin directs the potent attack, which features Frank Nardulli at halfback and Ed Whitehair at fullback. End Milt Graham (6 foot 6, 215 pounds) and Tackle Tom Powell are outstanding.

Syracuse. The schedule is deadly, with Army, Maryland and West Virginia

continued on next page



COLUMBIA'S STAR Claude Benham is League's top passer.



CORNELL CALLER Bill DeGraaf leads powerbackfield.



BOSTON BULWARK John Miller is a 6-foot 6-inch tackle.



ELI FLIER Dennis McGill often scores on sheer speed.

EASTERN FOOTBALL

continued from page 35

the toughest coming up. A good, big veteran line, led by Tackle Jerry Cashman and End Jim Ridlon. Jimmy Brown is a real powerhouse back. Better passing is sorely needed.

Rutgers. Outstanding men on the squad are End Don Felber, Halfback Bob Kelley, Tackle Ed Evans and Quarterback Bob Gatyas. Much is expected from sophomore Quarterback Bill Whittacre.

Western University. Buff Donelli had high hopes for his 1955 team but has got off to a disappointing start of three straight losses to Penn State, Connecticut and Syracuse. Captain Ken Hagerstrom at halfback is the outstanding player on the squad. Others to note are John Bredice, end, Lou Lovely, guard, and Mike Abbruzzese, center.

Villanova. It is the same old story at Villanova: overscheduled and undermanned. They were beaten by BC 28-14 Saturday for their third straight loss. The Wildcats must get vastly improved material or a much easier schedule to be able to survive.

Lehigh manpower is better in quality and size but 24 sophomores need experience. Tom Failace, end, Austin Short, end, and Bruno Pagnani, guard, are best of the returned veterans. Lafayette's outstanding men are Bryan Satterlee, halfback, and Bob Fyvie, tackle. The big problem is the line. At Trinity College Fullback Charley Sticks, spearhead of last year's undefeated season, is back. Three wins so far; could be undefeated again.

IVY LEAGUE

Yale. The Elis look like the class team of the Ivies after three straight wins, including Brown and Columbia. Their line is large and ragged, from flankmen Paul Lopata and Vernon Loucks on in. Junior Quarterback Dean Loucks and

Sophomore Dick Winterbauer are staging a real battle. Dennis McGill did an outstanding job at halfback against Columbia, and Al Ward is a powerhouse at the other half.

Cornell. After another slow start the Big Red won its opening league game from favored Harvard 20-7. Cornell's backs are the best in the Ivy League, with halfbacks Dick Jackson and Dick Meade and Quarterback Bill De Graaf heading the list. The paper-thin line is led by Stan Intihar, ineligible last year.

Princeton. The Tigers are the best-balanced team in the league. Coach Charley Caldwell's single-wing offensive scheme is smooth and difficult for the opposition's defense. Tackle Mike Bowman leads an improving line. If Royce Flippin returns to top form after his injuries, the Tigers could take it all.

Harvard. Harvard, despite the loss to Cornell, remains a powerhouse football team that plays with solid fundamental skills. Captain Bill Meigs at guard bulwarks an excellent line defense. Tailbacks Jim Joslin and Matt Botsford and Fullback Tony Gianelli form a fine backfield nucleus.

Columbia. Lou Little has put the accent on the air arm to take maximum advantage of Quarterback Claude Benham's talents—but air is an unstable medium and the Lions were let down 46-14 by Yale. Sophomore Ed Spraker at halfback is injured but has shown great early-season form. Reserve strength as usual is shallow. Line defense looks weak.

Brown. Twenty-two lettermen out of 29 were lost. After dropping two thrillers to Columbia and Yale, Brown beat Dartmouth 7-0. Jim McGuinness would be a standout tackle on any team. Archie Williams and Don Thompson are solid halfbacks.

Dartmouth. New Coach Bob Blackman has lost some heartbreakers to Colgate, Holy Cross and Brown. Passing has been the forte, with Bill Beagle

doing the pitching, but the running and defensive play must improve.

Pennsylvania. The once-omnipotent Quakers lost to Princeton 7-0. As usual they have a backbreaking schedule. Fred Dustin, tackle, and Stan Chaplin, fullback, are the best veterans on this sophomore-heavy squad.

LITTLE THREE

Amherst looks like a solid favorite to win the Little Three for the fourth straight year. Tackle Harry Steuber and Bob King at center are standouts in a rugged line. Williams is predominantly a sophomore team. Halfback Tim Hanan is the outstanding man.

Wesleyan is happy, with a good group of sophomores and a fine backfield. However, Coach Norm Daniels would like a little more heft in the line.

YANKEE CONFERENCE

At this writing Rhode Island and New Hampshire look like the class of the Yankee Conference and, incidentally, they have already met and tied 13-13. Rhode Island Coach Harold Kopp tells me that Eddie Simone is a great halfback. New Hampshire has lost the fabulous Billy Pappas at quarterback, but Marcel Couture, who averaged 9.1 yards per thrust last year, leads a dangerous set of running backs, and the line will be sufficient. Connecticut, conqueror of Boston U and Massachusetts, looks a strong third and possible winner if hard-luck 205-pound Fullback Buddy Amendola can escape the injury jinx for the season. Maine, with 16 lettermen returned, is well equipped to take the Maine state title in round-robin play at the end of the season. Vermont must be satisfied with a rebuilding year, although they still boast of the prowess of Captain Edwin Beck at halfback who led New England scorers last season. Massachusetts has a squad with speed and depth but little game experience.

(ENR)

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* **Michigan State vs. Notre Dame.** Surprising Spartans swamped Stanford after out-statisticking Michigan previous week. Toughest test to date for unscored-on Irish. Still, NOTRE DAME.

* **Georgia Tech vs. Auburn.** The two top teams in the SEC. Auburn could do it, but I'll take... GEORGIA TECH.

* **Yale vs. Cornell.** Undefeated Bulldogs boast fast backs and fine line. The better line wins. YALE.

* **Southern Cal. vs. Wisconsin** (Friday night) Unbeaten Badgers come west looking for new worlds to conquer. Next trip to Rose Bowl? WISCONSIN.

* **Southern Methodist vs. Rice.** Pre-season picks meet in SWC championship fight. Neither has shown expected strength. RICE.

* **Texas Christian vs. Texas A&M.** The Aggies, after losing to UCLA, have plowed through all opposition. Both teams loom larger each week, but the pick has to be... TCU.

* **Ohio State vs. Duke.** Another tough one. Initial impulse is Duke but, remembering last season, OHIO STATE.

* **Washington vs. Baylor.** The Baylor Bears have fallen only to mighty Maryland. The hungry Huskies devour all opposition. Seattle rains could mean the difference. WASHINGTON.

* **Penn State vs. Navy.** With George Welsh directing the fire power, Navy has blasted all opposition thus far. The Nittany Lions will offer first Army-Navy cross-section preview. NAVY.

* **North Carolina vs. Maryland.** The Terrible Terps continue to roll. Eyes are fixed on the Orange Bowl and Oklahoma. Tarheels will do little to obstruct the view. MARYLAND.

ALSO:

Princeton over Colgate
Utah over Denver (Friday night)
Army over Syracuse
Harvard over Columbia
Minnesota over Illinois
Indiana over Villanova
Michigan over Northwestern
Purdue over Iowa
Oklahoma over Kansas
UCLA over Stanford
Mississippi over Tulane
W. Virginia over William and Mary
Wyoming over Tulsa
Kentucky over Mississippi State
LSU over Florida

Last week's record:
20 right, 4 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 80-17-3



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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially useful for the
middle-handicap golfer

from **ED FURGOL**, Westwood Country Club, Clayton, Mo.

When average golfers attend a major tournament, they are often struck by how long the top pros hit their shots and yet how easily they seem to swing at the ball. It takes effort to hit a golf ball—make no mistake about that—but a top pro's swing gives the impression of ease because his over-all timing is so precise. The power supplied by the body blends perfectly with the action of the hands.

In my case, the big thing in coordinating the body with the hands is keeping my right elbow tucked in close throughout the swing. By doing this, you tie in the action of the right side with the blow, and it's the right side that supplies the power behind a shot. To look at it the other way—if you have a floating right elbow that gives your body no chance to get its contribution in, you're just slapping at the ball with your arms and your hands. The body is dormant. The leading pros naturally have different features they have worked on and continue to work on to achieve the integration of the body and the hands, but I pass the "tucked-in elbow" on to you because it is an essential part of every fine golfer's swing.



At the moment he makes contact with the ball, Furgol's right elbow is practically glued to his side

NEXT WEEK: HOMER HERPEL ON THE LENGTH OF THE SWING

A DREAM OF GLORY

continued from page 21

about to shovel a mouthful of creamed peas into his mouth. "Cadet Blake," he parried, "give us the days." Cadet Blake dropped his fork, thrust his shoulders back, and his eyes glazed. "Sir, there is one day before the U.S. Air Force Academy's first football game which it will win, sir. There are 48 days till Thanksgiving, 79 days until Christmas, 201 days before I hope to see my girl friend again, sir, and 1,001 days until June Week."

The cadets are not incapable of seeing the humor in their braced plight which they cheerfully undergo for the pleasure of inflicting the same on next year's luckless group. At mess, the night before the game each table of 10 cadets suddenly began to ruse in sequence like breakers on shore, waving napkins above their heads and chanting "Beat D.U." This continued until it reached the football team which rose and said resignedly, "Oh, very well."

NONSENSE—AND HARD WORK

On the bench during the first quarter of the game, a substitute center suddenly leaped up and grabbed a towel. His nose was bleeding furiously. Assistant Coach Frank Merritt spotted the casualty in disbelief. "But he didn't even get in the game yet?" he protested. "That's spirit for you, sir," chirped another cadet substitute.

In the stands when things looked blackest, Lieut. Collins saw his cadets slumped in dismay. He pointed to one. "Lift that hat and see if there's a cadet under it," he ordered.

Amid all the wonderful nonsense, there was the serious academy business of turning out an elite military force under a crash program. The academy appreciates it is working against time, that man himself is becoming obsolete in an age of rocket aviation. It is up to the academy to produce the men to match the Mach numbers and there is no time to go about the thing in a leisurely or evolutionary way. "We have to begin at the top," ruefully confesses Brig. Gen. Don Z. Zimmerman.

In beginning at the top, the academy considers a nationally famous football team as top-priority procurement. Military—or even lay—purists may wince at the notion of building an elite corps around a football team, but academy brass, which makes much of the fact a boy must be "motivated" towards aviation in these days when a pilot is frequently an oxygen-masking pressure-suited captive of an airborne instru-

ment panel, points out that it has been done by other institutions for less worthy motives, i.e., gate receipts. If winning football teams are required to lure the kind of young men the country needs to guard its old frontiers and fly into new ones, the academy will have winning football teams.

Will it work? Buck Shaw, an iron-eyed practitioner in football matters of fact and not military expediency, thinks the timetable is unrealistic. "The kids have a lot of spirit," concedes the scholarly, gentlemanly Buck. "But the normal progression for a football team is to move freshmen up and leave them with seasoned players. This team is going to move up into a vacuum. They're going to have to find out everything for themselves."

The project—which will see the Falcons playing junior colleges next year, Skyline Conference foes the next and a "representative" schedule (i.e., Army, Navy, Stanford) in 1958—is daring, and Athletic Director Colonel "Bullet Bob" Whitlow (West Point, 1943) sees nothing impossible or even impractical about it. A man who goes lumbering along the bench looking for the point-after-touchdown tee as soon as his team gets the ball, Optimist Whitlow plans to beat Army and Navy the first year he plays them and every year after that. The fact that his academic requirements would stagger a Rhodes scholar only means to him that he'll have a smarter team than anyone else.

In case the flak gets heavier than Bullet Bob anticipates or the enemy shows up in faster and more maneuverable craft, the academy—like any good combat pilot—has an optional strategy which it feels will swing the advantage. The altitude at Colorado Springs where the academy will presumably play at home is some 6,000 feet and a person arriving at that altitude from sea level undergoes some internal rearrangement until his blood stream can supply enough red corpuscles to take up the oxygen slack.

"These teams that come here are going to have to beat us in the first or second quarter," chortles the P.I.O., Lieut. John Colbrunn. "By the second half, their flaps are going to be down and they'll be buying the farm [washing out]." The Air Force, feels Colbrunn, will thus be applying the sound aerial tactic of luring the enemy into an operational ceiling where his engine functions poorest. At home, at least, the words of the academy song, "Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force," will ring all too true for the ground-level Kaydets or sea-level Middies. (END)

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GRISWOLD ON FOOTBALL

continued from page 19

Casey Stengel like it if, in addition to the Yankees, he had to manage a liberal arts college and a dozen or so schools of engineering, law, medicine, divinity, music, arts and sciences, and so forth?

In some such fashion the question of relationship between athletics and education enters the lives of most American university and college presidents. How did it gain such proportions as it has? How did a handful of liberal arts colleges, during the very time they were growing into universities and assuming the intellectual and moral responsibilities of that status become involved in an intercollegiate enterprise that today owns and manages some 100 major football stadiums, many of which would make their classical prototype, the Roman Colosseum, look like a teacup, with a total season's paid attendance of 15 million and aggregate receipts of over \$40 million—not to mention basketball arenas with an attendance of 8 million and baseball diamonds, track fields and rowing facilities in proportion? College football attendance is roughly equal to major league baseball's, and exceeds professional football's by five times. How did all this start? What is it doing to our colleges and universities and what can they do about it?

It started in the love of sport, which anthropology has traced to nearly every people and country in the world, and archaeologists have pushed far back into the pre-Christian era. As modern team sports developed in colleges and universities, physical energies of the undergraduates, which still occasionally spill over in campus riots, were channeled into organized athletics. English and American colleges, with their common attachment to the classics of ancient Greece, found in these specific sanction for physical training as part of the educational process. The very fact that the new sports were organized put a premium on organization to support them; and for this the colleges, with their highly organized and instinctively competitive societies of young men in the prime of athletic age, were made to order. Living together as well as studying together provided a well-nigh perfect environment for the growth of organized athletics as the monasteries once had done for religious meditation.

That organized athletics were in the educational blood stream before the first American colleges were founded is

indicated by the fact that Oliver Cromwell, an undergraduate of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge in 1616, was afterward reputed to have been "one of the chief matchmakers and players of football, cudgels or any other boisterous sport or game." Football, in those days, was a wild affair, which the Puritan Stubbes described in 1583 as "rather . . . a bloody and murdering practise than a felowly sports or pastime." His description of the game



PRESIDENT GRISWOLD struggles over Yale's volume of angry football mail.

should give some satisfaction to latter-day athletic reformers:

For dash not every one lye to waight for his Adversary, seeking to overthrow him & to pickt him on his nose, though it be hard upon himself . . . so that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometime their backs, sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime one other; sometime the noses push out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in our place, sometime in another . . . and herof groweth envy, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, civillite, and what not els, and sometimes fighting, breaking, confusion, quarrell picking, smother, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

Such was the lusty Elizabethan ancestor of the American game that started with a contest between Harvard and Yale in 1875. Football even more than baseball or rowing or other sports was a college original, and remains so notwithstanding the recent advent of the professional game. The colleges defined

its rules, molded it into its modern form and gave it its character. More accurately, it was not the colleges that did these things, it was their undergraduates, acting largely upon their own initiative as the record shows, with little awareness, much less control, on the part of their academic officers. In this fashion by the turn of the century organized athletics had become a fixture in American higher education.

What shall we say of the results? Organized athletics gave the colleges a new lease on life, an exciting, enjoyable and much more beautiful alternative to previous forms of student recreation. They released new energies, infused undergraduate life with new unity and zeal—which, if not *prima facie* assets to higher education, certainly strengthened the foundations of the colleges as residential communities. As long as organized athletics remained within the bounds of amateurism they imparted its object lessons and its values to the whole community. In these ways they served the general interests of the colleges, educational as well as social. They have become so much a part of college life that it is hard to conceive of that life without them, even harder to imagine what might take their place.

Wherein lies the evil? For a time some of it stemmed from playing rules, particularly those of football (which once resembled legalized mayhem); but these have been so much improved as virtually to eliminate this source of trouble. The real evil, the one that has been scotched but not yet killed, lay not in the actual playing of organized athletic sports but in the managing of them.

Managing them was a responsibility that reached out much more widely into other areas than drafting and supervising their playing rules did. Managing them meant, or soon came to mean, catering to spectators as well as to participants. It meant not merely providing players with proper instruction and equipment, scheduling trips and keeping the books on playing expenses, but calculating grand strategy, staging and producing contests that rapidly assumed the character (and dimensions) of public spectacles, scouting, recruiting and fielding players equal to these public responsibilities—and at the same time ensuring that the academic life of each particular institution continued to prosper. The sheer weight of this problem fell heavily upon a group of institutions inexperienced in such matters and on the whole

ill-equipped to deal with them. Most colleges and universities were conscientiously trying to improve their academic standards and many were succeeding in that effort. But as the standards rose, so did the demand for athletic victories and championships, and the two were not always consistent. It was as though the major league baseball teams were suddenly put under levy to win not only the pennants but also Rhodes Scholarships and Nobel Prizes.

To the solution of the problem, moreover, organized athletics brought not cool heads and collected thoughts but the passions of tribal warfare. These were normal enough to the extent that they reflected the competitive spirit of players and their undergraduate supporters. But there was something that gave them an abnormal force. This was the growing interest of spectators and the tendency of the colleges to cater to and commercialize that interest. To the colleges this meant a new source of revenue as well as (they hoped) a new focus of alumni loyalty and public support. To the spectators it meant excitement, thrills, broken records and victories.

THE PRESSURE MOUNTS

The bargain seemed like a natural one at the time it was struck, mutually profitable and beneficial. Yet it soon imposed on the colleges hidden costs and unforeseen consequences. To keep up revenue and, presumably, alumni loyalty, winning teams were necessary; to be sure of winning teams competent players had to be recruited. If such players required financial inducements, the inducements had to be provided. If academic or amateur standards stood in the way, the standards had to be compromised.

Bit by bit, as the possibilities of revenue-producing sports were exploited, other sports, which meant virtually all save basketball, were budgeted against football. Each budgetary item thus added increased the pressure on coaches, players, athletic directors, presidents and governing boards to maintain the winning teams that ensured the gate receipts. As the game grew more specialized and the market for players more competitive, the colleges and universities found themselves in a managerial competition as intensive as their rivalry on the field and differing from professional baseball only in its pretensions to amateurism. Competitive methods varied from outright awards of room, board, tuition and other prerequisites, such as automobiles and spending allowances, to

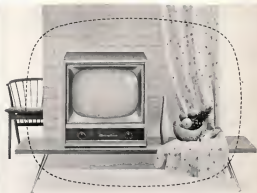
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GRISWOLD ON FOOTBALL

continued from page 41

disguised subsidies by alumni; from artificial majors in physical education and even false enrollments in college to individual favors and dispensations by boards of admission, and eligibility and scholarship committees.

This, I think, is the real evil organized athletics inflicted upon our colleges and universities. To label it "over-emphasis" barely scratches its surface. Undue deference to spectators has led the colleges to default to a certain extent on their professional competence, to forfeit a measure of their proper authority over their own affairs. This was tantamount to a surrender of academic freedom on the athletic field while this was being defended in the classroom. For some this caused no more than a time-consuming distraction. For others it created a satellite that became a sun.

A WATERSHED WHERE?

From the standpoint of education the fact had logical consequences. The main purpose of an educational institution is education. The main purposes of organized athletics are recreation and exercise. Both of these are essential to good work in education as in every other calling. Neither is a substitute for such work, much less its equal or its master. This suggests a line of demarcation, a watershed, on one side of which organized athletics serve the cause of education while on the other they hurt it; and it further suggests that it is the duty of each educational institution to draw that line and defend it. This, after all, is asking no more of educational institutions than the Pure Food and Drug Act requires of the manufacturers of those products or, for that matter, than a major league manager might ask of his players if they kept skipping batting practice to study history.

From the standpoint of athletics as well as education the fact has logical consequences. The aspiration of most American colleges has been to achieve the standing if not the shape and size of universities, and the aspiration of most American universities has been to do full justice to that status. In its original and proper meaning the word university signifies standards—the highest standards of integrity and quality pertaining to their activities anywhere in society. Any trifling with those standards, however slight or for whatever expedient reason, is a contradiction in terms.

Since these standards can apply to

everything a university does, they apply to athletics as well as to education. The application of the standards to college and university athletics was twofold. In the first place, they were to be amateur athletics, a principle early laid down by the colleges and periodically reaffirmed by their presidents, governing boards, athletic directors, coaches and team captains, as well as by their various rules committees and intercollegiate associations. The principle was first and last a players' concept. It said nothing about the entertainment of spectators or the raising of college revenue, and it expressly forbade participation for financial or any other material remuneration.

The second standard is succinctly stated in the preamble to the revised Ivy Group Agreement of 1954 for organized athletic programs:

In the total life of the campus, emphasis upon intercollegiate competition must be kept in harmony with the essential educational purposes of the institution.

This was no more than the application to intercollegiate competition of the line of demarcation or watershed that the colleges had adopted for all athletics. It is worth noticing how congenial the first principle, *i.e.*, the amateur, is to the second—so congenial as to suggest that if it were lived up to 100%, the second would be superfluous. For as we have seen, it was precisely in the terms and values of amateurism that organized athletics discovered their most congenial relationship and made their most direct and

constructive contributions to "the essential educational purposes of the institution." In more ways than one the amateur principle in athletics was the corollary to liberal education in the classroom.

These principles were not foisted upon our colleges and universities. They grew out of their intrinsic character. Through them the colleges, in addition to devising and refining the techniques of so many of our athletic sports, contributed largely to their moral values as a nation. Moreover, the collegiate influence transcended its own sphere to make itself strongly felt through its code of sportsmanship in professional athletics. These, too, have a stake in its survival. When a professional team overcomes a handicap or comes from behind to win against seemingly impossible odds, sportswriters often call it "a Frank Merriwell finish" or "the old college try."

This is more than sentimental—or satiric—metaphor. It is professionalism at its best, earning its highest professional praise in the language and image of amateurism. The colleges have been seduced away from these principles by spectators who as parents and as citizens are their ultimate beneficiaries.

Do I exaggerate the evil? I do not think so. Standards that should be pure have been compromised and corrupted, and this is common knowledge among our college students and their faculties. Deliberate departures from principle of this sort cannot fail to damage the reputation of an institution consecrated to truth and excellence by



YALE TOUCHDOWN against Princeton in 1890, from an old engraving by Frederic Remington, famous artist and onetime Yale end, illustrates football's early driving power.

its very charter. Upholding one ideal of truth as applied to education and another as applied to athletics has already caused woeful moral and intellectual confusion in the minds of young men who found themselves subjected to such double standards, not to mention cynicism and disgust in the minds and hearts of their fellow students. This is meager fare from higher education, scarce worth its salt on any pretext. It is hardly consistent with the mottoes of light and truth emblazoned in the arms of our colleges. It is disillusioning and damaging to their good name and to the integrity of their profession.

Are these defects not mitigated by the educational redemption of young men who would not otherwise have come to college? It is possible in individual cases. Yet these can be matched by wholesale departures from college upon the close of their last football season by young men who had absorbed so little of the college's essential purposes and held its educational opportunities in such low esteem that they did not care to complete their courses and graduate; and by other cases, probably more numerous, of bizarre studies that enabled their pursuers to qualify for football or basketball but are slim collateral for claims of educational redemption.

AN UNFAIR DISGUISE

But could the colleges and universities afford to take the loss, the diminution of gate receipts that it is assumed would follow their universal adoption and enforcement of the amateur principle? I am not so sure that they would have to. In the first place, I am not so sure that their student bodies could not produce teams of sufficient caliber, and that within their various leagues and conferences those teams could not engage in sufficiently keen and exciting competition to retain the interest of most of their present spectators. Teams of roughly equal size and strength playing according to the same amateur rules have repeatedly demonstrated their ability to thrill spectators, making up in drama all that they lack in technical finesse.

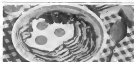
But suppose worse came to worst and a major refinancing of college athletics became necessary? I doubt that the cost would exceed or even equal the price the colleges are now paying in the corruption of amateur and educational standards and the harm this is doing to both. Why, in any case, should football be taxed with the

continued on next page

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GRISWOLD ON FOOTBALL

continued from page 52

support of nearly all the other sports? Charging everything to football puts an egregiously unfair pressure upon that game to do just as it has done, to go professional in disguise; and whose fault was this, football's or the colleges'?

The whole concept of farming athletics out to pay for themselves is difficult to reconcile with the meaning and principles of a university. According to these, as we have seen, a single set of standards applied not only to education but to everything a university did, including athletics. The administrative corollary is that athletics and education belong on the same budget and under the same administrative direction; and the stronger the educational claims put forward by athletics, the greater the force of this corollary. The total annual expenditures of all American institutions of higher education is somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2.5 billion. Their total gross receipts from football, with a paid attendance of 15 million at an average charge of from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ticket would be between \$37 million and \$45 million. Taking the larger figure for the sake of argument, it represents just about 2% of the income available for these expenditures . . . not, I should think, a sum so great that it could not be re-budgeted and administered in accordance with these principles.

What prospects are there that the step will be taken? The answer is beyond my province. I merely wish to record my belief that it can be done.

For this belief I have two basic reasons. The first is that there is nothing inherent in organized athletics themselves to prevent it. I have said they brought the colleges some evil and I have identified the worst of that evil as the separation of academic authority from academic responsibility under spectator pressure. But it was the spectators who drove the wedge, not the athletics. And the spectators are we ourselves, as a nation, as college alumni and as sports lovers. What we have done we can undo.

The second reason for my faith is that I happen to belong to a group of colleges among which these things are happening. These are not unrepresentative institutions. Most of them have run the whole gamut of experience recorded in these pages. All, including my own, have plenty of unfinished business on their hands that must take precedence over any claims to perfection. Yet all have set their course in this direction, as charted in the Ivy Group Agreement. I can think of no better fate for amateur athletics and higher education than that the members of the Ivy Group live up to those provisions and prove by so doing their universal practicability. To assist them in this they may count on strong allies from education. They will draw inner strength from thriving intramural programs, and their task will be lightened by the continued progress of professional athletics. But their strongest ally now as always will be the courage of their own convictions. (END)



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The Icy Wizard of the Royal Game

A lifetime spent at chess has brought to Sammy Reshevsky, once a boy wonder, pre-eminence in the purest intellectual contest of all

by JOHN KOBLER

ICE COLD, ROCKLIKE in its immobility, imposing in its calm, the face on the opposite page is symbolic of one of the most concentrated minds the ancient game of chess has ever known. It is the face that stared at Russia's great world champion, Mikhail Botvinnik, whenever he looked up from the board in the Soviet-American chess matches last summer (SI, July 18), unchanging, unyielding, until in a sensational upset the Russian had to concede defeat. It is the face that once drove Argentina's brilliant master, Miguel Najdorf, into such a state of jitters that he ran screaming to an attending doctor to be reassured as to his condition. It is the face of Samuel Herman Reshevsky, the greatest of living American chess players, an international Grand Master, recognized as one of the five greatest players in the world, the man of whom it was predicted when he was 5 years old that he would be world champion someday—as indeed he may.

In chess, as in art, absolute perfection is unattainable. A reasonably bright child can learn the rules in an hour but can spend the rest of his life vainly trying to learn to play chess well. No two recorded games in the history of the game, which is at least 2,500 years old, have been exactly alike. The possible combinations of the first 10 moves, for example, number hundreds of octillions. In the later stages the possibilities are infinite. To develop a winning sequence is a creative process as exciting, as satisfying and as instinctual to the chess player as composing is to the musician or painting to the artist. Of all games chess is the intellectually purest—a combat between two minds, untainted by any element of chance.

The mind of Samuel Reshevsky has been conditioned to this creative process for almost literally a lifetime. He started playing chess at the age of 5, he was a veteran at the age of 7, it has been his principal source of livelihood for most of his life; and when economic circumstances once threatened to infringe upon his game a group of chess devotees and admirers raised enough money to make sure that he could go on playing as long as he lived. To Reshevsky this seemed perfectly reasonable; from his childhood on, his self-assurance as a chess player and therefore as a man

more privileged than ordinary mortals has been supreme.

Reshevsky's remarkable belief in himself, which in any other player might be termed sheer bravado, is uniquely well founded. Though he is primarily a money player who is less interested in brilliance for its own sake than in the \$1,000 to \$2,000 prizes that accompany important tournaments, this has in no way detracted from his extraordinary accomplishments. His official record is unsurpassed. He has never lost a match, that is, a two-man contest. He has never finished lower than third in any tournament. He is the only player ever to win the U.S. Championship four times running—he has won it five times in all. And as a performer of chess stunts, his principal means of livelihood, he has few peers.

At 43, Reshevsky, despite his smallness, is an imposing figure whose icy boardside manner is a weapon which powerfully complements his wits. Barely 5 feet 2 inches tall, with a wide, bulging brow and steely eyes, he sits unmovingly erect for hours on end, his head in his cupped hands, his mouth pursed in an expression of ineffable hauteur. Most players nibble and sip at something at intervals during a game; Reshevsky eats nothing and only seldom drinks a glass of water. He chain-smokes, but in him even this habit betrays no sign of nerves. "Sammy," a colleague once observed, "plays chess like a man eating fish. First he removes the bones, then he swallows the fish." His self-confidence is so boundless that in tournament play, where 40 moves must be made within two and a half hours, he will spend half that time pondering a single move, feeling sure of finding one that will make the next moves virtually automatic. On rare occasions only does he leave himself so little time that he blunders through sheer haste.

Reshevsky's calm, however, is external. During a tournament he sweats buckets, losing several pounds. And though his opponents might never guess it, he lies awake nights wondering how he could have played a better game.

Reshevsky is a self-taught player. He began playing chess by instinct, with no instruction whatsoever, let alone a grasp of scientific principle. At the age of 4 in the little

continued on page 54

IN CHARACTERISTIC CONCENTRATION SAMMY RESHEVSKY BROODS OVER CHESS BOARD IN HIS SPRING VALLEY, N.Y. HOME





OTTER HUNT IN DEVON

by ERIC BENNETT

As they have since the 12th century, picturesquely uniformed English sportsmen carry on one of the least-known but most ancient forms of hunting with hounds

EARLY one September morning a group of sportsmen in Devonshire, England, pulled on their white knickerbocker breeches and high red stockings, buttoned up their blue jackets, added French grey derby hats and went out to chase otter. Like members of the 12 other otter hunts in Britain and the two in Ireland, they were carrying on a traditional form of hunting which as a royal sport predates even foxhunting.

Considered by kings and commoners alike to be one of the most fascinating and skillful forms of hunting with hounds, otter hunting has been a summer sport in England for 800 years.

King Henry II gave it prominence when he appointed a King's Otterhunter in 1170 and succeeding kings kept up royal packs of otterhounds until 1689.

For as long as there is element weather the otter hunters of England, armed

only with well-oiled boots and a long walking pole, go out into the river meadows in search of one of the wildest and most elusive animals left to them. And nowhere in England do they go out with quite as much pomp and sporting ceremony as at the famous Culmstock hunt in Devonshire—the oldest existing otter hunt in England (founded 1790). For this reason Culmstock often

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WHINER



ACROSS A GREEN MEADOW the scarlet-coated huntsman and his whippers-in lead the pack. The field follows later after hounds have made their cast for otter scent along the river bank. Blue coats and red stockings are formal hunt uniform.



THROUGH RIVER AND STREAM the scent carries the hounds while Huntsman Jack Absolon feels his watery way with otter hunter's pole. Like the otter, its pursuers must be amphibious, and often the quarry keeps hunters in midstream for hours.

RESPLENDENT IN OTTER HUNT ATTIRE, MEMBERS OF FIELD TAKE TIME FOR A PIPE AND CHAT BEFORE HOUNDS COME UP





OTTER HUNT

continued from page 48

plays host to scores of otter hunters from other counties who, vividly dressed in their own individual uniforms, add an even greater splash of color to the already colorful spectacle of the hunt.

The Eastern Counties, which hunt the rivers on the east side of England, wear blue coats with red collars, blue breeches, red stockings and ties and blue caps. The Cheriton, in Devonshire, wear gray derby hats, blue coats and stockings and white breeches; and so on with infinite variations.

HUNTING IS AMPHIBIOUS

All otter hunters carry long poles which they use to feel their way across rivers and ditches; for an otter hunter, like the otter, is amphibious. The peculiar difficulty about otter hunting is that the otter is a web-footed animal, which swims rapidly under water, and the hounds are mainly fox hounds, used to working on land. Yet these hounds will follow the scent of the otter as it rises to the surface of the water and swim him for as long as six hours until they force the otter to land.

Typical of an otter hunt in England today was a nine-day meet of the Culmstock, the Eastern Counties and the Hawkestone, which normally hunt in Shropshire, Herefordshire and the Welsh borders, as the guests of the Cheriton Hunt.

At the meet, timed for 10:30 a.m., there were up to 100 automobiles bringing followers; and because hunting and hospitality go together, the generous host Devonshire cider cup to all comers.

Then the huntsman sounded his horn and the hounds moved off to start the day's work. At the gateway to the field leading down to the river bank, one member of the Cheriton Hunt took up "the cap," a cash contribution by non-subscribers towards the expenses of the hunt.

Soon the cry of the hounds proclaimed that they were on the drag of an otter—the scent the animal leaves during his nightly excursions in pursuit of the fish and frogs which are his main food. The drag was fairly hot along the banks of the stream, and the hounds raced along with wonderful music, while the field hurried after.

The hounds took the line of the otter along the bank and across the meadows on the bends; then suddenly they

continued on next page

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OTTER HUNT

continued from page 51

marked at a big tree root, baying and scratching with teeth and paws to get into the hollow tree. The whippet-in came up with the hunt terrier, a short-legged plucky little dog, half the size of an otter. A good terrier will face an otter in his lair—or bolt—and force him out of it. But this otter had already gone on upstream and soon the hounds were following his drag again.

They did not have a chance to catch him, for he at once slipped into and under the water and raced off downstream. Sooner or later he had to come up to breathe, and a keen-eyed member of the field saw the otter poke the end of his nose out of the water under the hollow bank. Raising his hat he let out a "holloo" which brought the hounds racing to him.

Once again they picked up the scent, this time plunging in and swimming down the river in close formation, with each bound giving full tongue—a glorious sight and sound.

"DEATH TO DOG OTTERS"

Now the whole valley echoed with their cry as they raced through the tangled undergrowth. The otter was tiring, and some of the field saw him as he slipped over a shallow into the deep salmon pool beyond. A few minutes later he crept silently up the bank and hid in a thick clump of bushes. Then the hounds winded the otter lying on the bank and dashed up in a solid body. Before he had time to slip, they pounced on him and killed him.

Now the field formed a barrier with their poles to hold back the baying hounds, while the master, with the otter at his feet in the meadow, sounded the death knell on his hunting horn.

He suspended the dead animal on a spring balance and weighed it. It was a dog otter of 24 pounds—a fair-sized prize, particularly for Devonshire.

Then the master cut the trophies off the otter. First the rudder, or tail. Then the mask, or head. And finally the four pads, or paws. These were distributed to followers of the hunt.

The corpse of the otter was thrown to the hounds with the cry, "Whoop, tear him and eat him," while the master again sounded his horn, this time in the "worry."

As for the hunters, their day ended shortly after in a rousing toast to the fallen foe—a toast which, strange to modern ears, has been traditional for centuries: "Death to dog otters, long live the little bitches."

END

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WHEN IT'S AN **Exide**...YOU START

Reshevsky

continued from page 48

Polish village of Ozorkow near Lodz, he watched his father, an average player, take on some of the neighbors. After watching a month or two, Sammy asked his father to play him. Sammy won. Stunned but pleased, the elder Reshevsky sent for his cronies. The infant beat them too. In the Lodz club, to which his father then rushed him, he played 12 simultaneous games and won them all. The Polish Grand Master, Akiba Rubinstein, was so impressed that he offered to play Sammy. He won, but not without a struggle, and he predicted: "You will be the world champion someday." To show him what championship chess was he reconstructed a game he had won from Emanuel Lasker at the St. Petersburg tournament of 1909. Sammy considered it a moment, then showed Rubinstein how he could have won two moves earlier.

In the years that followed, Sammy toured all Europe under his father's management and became the family's chief source of income. His earnings were a timely windfall; Reshevsky senior, a clothing manufacturer, lost everything in the war and there were five older children.

In 1920 the Reshevskys left their native Poland and landed in New York aboard the S.S. Olympic. Their first evening, by invitation, was spent at the Marshall Chess Club. "As the conversation became general," one member recalls, "with the boy's achievements as chief topic, Albert B. Hodges [a former U.S. champion] seized the opportunity to set up three problems of his own making on the table in front of Reshevsky. The first, a two-mover, was solved by the wonder child almost at sight. The second, a three-mover, took a little longer. The third, another three-mover, was somewhat more difficult and puzzled him a bit. Resting his chin on one small gloved hand and pointing with the forefinger of the other at the squares to which the king might escape, he reasoned out the steps of the solution so completely, albeit uttering not a word, that one felt sure he was on the right track. And indeed he was, for the coming move was foreseen soon after. Someone in the group announced that it had taken him three and a quarter minutes to solve it."

Such stunts as these became, in later years, as much a part of Sammy Reshevsky's stock in trade as his tournament play. After a rather unhappy but necessary period during which he

fore swore serious chess at the instigation of the late Julius Rosenwald, the head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., who financed his sadly neglected education, Reshevsky settled down to a scientific study of the game. He decided to devote himself completely to it in 1950 when he relinquished a budding career in accountancy, and since then the game has had no serious competition in his life, save from religion, to which Reshevsky, grandson of two rabbis, devotes almost as much time as chess. When the economic necessities of maintaining a family of four (he has a



HAVEL'S PROBLEM: "White to move and mate in four." Reshevsky solved it on a 50c bet in 90 minutes of intensive study.

daughter, Sylvia, aged 11, and a son, Joel, of 6) threatened to overwhelm him, a fund was raised among chess lovers by the late Maurice Wertheim, a wealthy broker, which gave Reshevsky some \$3,000 a year to supplement the \$6,000 to \$7,000 a year he makes in tournaments and exhibitions.

Occasionally, at one of the latter affairs, Reshevsky will duplicate a feat of Paul Morphy, the brilliant, mad New Orleans marvel of the last century. He will undertake to checkmate an opponent not only in a limited number of moves but with a specific piece. More likely, he will play a number of opponents simultaneously while blindfolded, winding up the evening by solving some intricate chess problem. He tours the nation's chess clubs, playing simultaneously as many as 75 games, sometimes reconstructing afterwards every move of every game from memory. Recent opponents have included, in Mike Romanoff's Los Angeles restaurant, Humphrey Bogart, whose game Reshevsky describes as "nice"; and in Philadelphia's Union League Club, Senator Homer Capehart, about whose playing he preserves a tactful silence. He once played Herman Pilnick, an Argentine master, 10

rapid-transit games blindfolded and won five of them, drawing two.

Al Horowitz, one of the few top-ranking players whom Reshevsky counts as a friend—"Chess players," he says, "are too jealous of each other for friendship"—recalls one such problem which exemplifies Reshevsky's character as a player. As publisher of the *Chess Review*, Horowitz once received from a Seattle club a four-move problem of staggering complexity. The note accompanying it informed him that the members had been trying unsuccessfully to solve it for three years. "I refused to tackle it," Horowitz relates, "because amateurs often set a problem up wrong and you can beat your brains out over something that has no solution."

He showed it to Isaac Kashdan, one of the top American players, who recognized it as the product of a famed Czech problem composer, Havel, and pronounced it about as tough as they come. The next week, during an evening of bridge, a game Reshevsky loves, Horowitz bet him 50¢ he could not solve the problem in an hour.

Reshevsky arranged the pieces on his chess board as indicated, then stared at them without uttering a word or touching a piece. "You can see him think," says Horowitz. "The veins in his forehead pulsate." In 30 minutes flat, still not having touched a piece, Reshevsky rattled off the correct solution, involving seven lengthy variations. Readers who would care to try it will find the problem at the left.

The pinnacle of chessdom, the world championship, has so far eluded Reshevsky, but there are many who believe, Reshevsky foremost among them, that someday he will take that honor too. Chess is a long-range game, and he remembers the first opportunity he had to become a Grand Master, back in 1935 at a tournament in Margate, England.

The only way to become a Grand Master is to defeat Grand Masters, and one of Reshevsky's opponents was José Capablanca, perhaps the greatest logician the game has ever known. At the 35th move he offered Reshevsky a draw. Any other rising young player would have been delighted to score a half point against the Cuban genius, but Reshevsky declined. Twenty-one moves later Capablanca was forced to concede defeat.

When experts gave Botvinnik the edge in the Soviet-U.S. match in June, Reshevsky remained calm. "I once won a game from him," he said. "Why shouldn't I win four?" (END)



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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

S—season opened (or open), **SC**—season closed (or closed), **C**—clear water, **D**—water dirty or roily, **M**—water muddy, **N**—water at normal height, **SH**—slightly high, **H**—high, **VH**—very high, **L**—low, **R**—rising, **F**—falling, **WT50**—water temperature 50°, **FG**—fishing good, **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor, **OG**—outlook good, **OF**—outlook fair, **OP**—outlook poor.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Mrs. Sergei Denamov of Haverhill Bays, Long Island hold trail in Martha's Vineyard bass derby with 46-pound 13-ounce striper at 7:00 p.m. Tournament action at Cape Cod last week was at Provincetown, from Race Point to Peaked Hill; surf fishermen were taking mixed bags of bass and blue at Nauset Beach, both spots should continue producing, with best results at night on plugs and eelskin. For trophy bass, try below cliffs at Bealsville.

VIRGINIA: Potomac River is swimming with pan-size stripers, and first frost should bring larger bass into tidewater.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Stripers schooling well in both Santee-Cooper and Roanoke; anglers are making fine catches on nylon bucktails as gulls advertise bass whereabouts.

NEW JERSEY: FG generally in surf along northern coast, with hottest spots Deal Sea Bright and Sandy Hook. The favorite lure of most avid fishermen is black-and-white "torpedo" plug cast on spinning surf (see light for spinning tackle); best action is at daybreak and dusk, and OF, G.

TROUT: MINNESOTA: FF, G and OF for rainbows in north-shore-of-Lake-Superior streams.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FVG in interior lakes, with Gilgane and LeJume among hotter spots. Cutthroats are now in lower mainland and Vancouver Island streams, with a few showing on the Fraser delta; OF, G.

MONTANA: Missouri, Yellowstone, Madison, Flathead, Blackfoot and other big rivers producing action; mostly all trout waters in excellent shape; if you hate crowds now's your chance, as streams are almost deserted on account of hunting season. Best fishing at midday; OF, G.

MICHIGAN: FF on Manistee below Tipton, with meager catches in High Bridge area; angler says situation should improve about Oct. 10 in the and other rainbow streams, as big rain should come in last two weeks of this month; meanwhile OF, F.

CALIFORNIA: Hottest spot on east slope of Sierra in Hot Creek, where big bass should maintain enthusiasm for small dry flies until Oct. 31. Owens River from Benton's Crossing to Archuleta Ranch FG, OG; most of the big fish are taken on bait, but experts do enjoy streamers and nymphs. Sane Lake has a still a good bait, OG for this water and upper Rush Creek. West slope streams FF, but upper Kern, Merced and Kaweah are holding up well, and OF, G. For best late-season fishing, try Lassen Park waters.

NEW MEXICO: Trout fishing is best in several months throughout state FG and OFG in Pecos and Chama areas with dry flies favored. Pecos Lake producing sizeable brooks, and OG. Upper Rio Grande, Red and Cimarron rivers in excellent shape, and outlook is best since last spring.

IDAHO: FG and OG generally in northern part of state. In central Idaho State and Big Horn creeks produced well last week, FVG in eastern Snake River (Thousand Springs area), with trout rising greedily to gray-backed, yellow-bodied fly and spinning lure patterns. Trout were found good sport in Henry's Lake and Island Park Reservoir last week, and OG next 15 days.

SMOKE: FLORIDA: Some tenacious smook are lingering under Turpin Center dock at Venice Inlet, but can't nobody catch them, lamest angler; you can pick up some smoky-prize 3-pennies off the jetties, on spin-lures or popping fly-rod lures.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Salt-water fishing for silvers still good off Campbell

River, Comox and Parkville, while Cowichan run continues to build and improve. FG at mouth of Oyster and Qualicum. Lower mainland and Chehalis River sport; angler says fish are already in and giving sport. A few spring salmon are reported off Comox. In general OG, but tapering off (except for Cowichan, now approaching peak of season).

WASHINGTON: Silver salmon to 18 pounds providing wonderful sport in Hood Canal, with hottest spots in Seal Rock area, Hoodport and Tahuya rate approaching peak, due soon. FF at Tacoma waters, and last Sunday's rains should have stepped up action.

OREGON: Heavy rains last weekend should have started rain rivers by now, but pessimistic says says OF, F.

CALIFORNIA: FG outside Golden Gate when winds slack off; meager catches are doing well inside, especially at Red Rock area. Klamath and Trinity rivers have abundant fish, but need rains to move them upstream. Salmon to 30 pounds have been taken from Dugan's and Fullmore ponds at mouth of Red River, but rains are required to stir run; until then, OF.

BROADBILL SWORDFISH: NEW JERSEY: When Robert L. Johnson of Bay Head saw 3-foot 18-inch swordfish feeding on mullet in backwash of surf near his home, he gave chase, caught it in his hands. At American Museum of Natural History, ichthyologist Francesco La Monte said it was smallest broadbill ever reported in the western North Atlantic.

MUSKELAUNGE: PENNSYLVANIA: French Creek impounds were on rampage last week, and O in stills for bait and plug fishermen. At Conodoguette Lake in Crawford County, Adam Springer of Pittsburgh dunked a worm in the water, had a nibble, hauled out a 12-inch muskellunge. OG for most musky waters in western Pennsylvania and improving after first heavy frost.

MINNESOTA: Fishing may be terrific, says angler, but he can't tell as everybody (including angler) has gone catch hunting.

NEW YORK: Bernie Anderson, veteran live-bait dealer in Jansenville, had some of his own merchandise to haul out 12-oz, 42-oz, 42-oz, 42-oz Chautauque Lake muskellunge from weed beds off Yukon last week, Oct. 15.

WESTMONT: Cold weather arrived in north last week and muskies OG. Many small fish reported from Eagle River and Little Eagle areas, especially Mann, Fairview, Big and Little Ascher Vitas and Crescent lakes. In Hayward area, Conduary and Round lakes are giving up a few over-20-pounders on baits.

ONTARIO: Muskies taking webbers briskly on western shore of Lake Nipissing as waters turn icy; local experts prefer rocky shore in rainy morning for sure strikes at this time of year.

MASSACHUSETTS: Several muskies over 20 pounds taken in Cape Cod Bay traps last week, but only two (both under 50 pounds) taken by rod and reel. Best areas for school fish are from Clatham around Monoway Point and out to Pollock Rip, where up to 25 per boat are still being caught.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—Walter Dyer, 12, 13—drawings by Abe 19, 40—John Starck, 24, 25—Hans Knopf Jr., 26, 27—Max, Tom, Harold, Bernard, Hans Knopf Jr., 28—Robert 29, 30—Ran Lichtenberg, 31—John, Peter, Max, Tom, Harold, Bernard, Hans Knopf Jr., 32—Robert 33, 34—Robert 35, 36—Robert 37, 38—Robert 39, 40—Robert 41, 42—country area University of California, 43—William Stevens, 44—Robert 45, 46—Robert 47, 48—Robert 49, 50—Robert 51, 52—Robert 53, 54—Robert 55, 56—Robert 57, 58—Robert 59, 60—Robert 61, 62—Robert 63, 64—Robert 65, 66—Robert 67, 68—Robert 69, 70—Robert 71, 72—Robert 73, 74—Robert 75, 76—Robert 77, 78—Robert 79, 80—Robert 81, 82—Robert 83, 84—Robert 85, 86—Robert 87, 88—Robert 89, 90—Robert 91, 92—Robert 93, 94—Robert 95, 96—Robert 97, 98—Robert 99, 100—Robert 101, 102—Robert 103, 104—Robert 105, 106—Robert 107, 108—Robert 109, 110—Robert 111, 112—Robert 113, 114—Robert 115, 116—Robert 117, 118—Robert 119, 120—Robert 121, 122—Robert 123, 124—Robert 125, 126—Robert 127, 128—Robert 129, 130—Robert 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WHEN BROOKLYN WON

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HIGER

It was only last week the Dodgers finally beat the Yanks and won the Series. But in Brooklyn that grand day is already a part of history

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

YOU have read of dancing in the streets at times of great joy? It is an apt phrase, but one more often figurative than literal. Yet on the night of October 4 in the year 1955, there really was dancing in the streets of Brooklyn, and weeping for pure joy, too. For that was the day the Dodgers at long, long last brought the baseball championship of the world home to Flatbush. Hundreds crammed into the ancient Hotel Bossert on Montague Street to help the Dodgers celebrate. Thousands more milled around outside, cheering, yelling, dancing.

In the far-off Caribbean, where the Dodgers, first major league team to break the color line in baseball, were immensely popular, 5,000 people paraded for four hours through the city of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, carrying banners that said "At last—Brooklyn wins!" and "Snider, Duke of Bedford Avenue." In Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, where the Dodgers had trained in 1948, an enterprising reporter wrote that a brand-new baby had been named Podres Garcia, after Johnny Podres, Brooklyn pitching hero of the Series.

Oh, it was a day to burn into your memory. And it was a game to remember, too. You must realize that whenever baseball men gather for small talk, to cut up old touches and freshen yellowed memories, they always drag out ball games long since played and run them through the projector of reminiscence. They recall a fielding play from this one, the way a man ran bases in that one, the things a hitter did in still another.

Occasionally, they will recall the contest itself, the whole game, the entity, the things that went before it and the things that came after, and then it is a really special memory, because of all the thousands on thousands of ball games played since the beginning of



THE SIGHT THAT CHILLED YANKEE HEARTS AND YANKEE BATS: JOHNNY PODRES PITCHING

time—which in baseball legend is reckoned as 1839—only a handful, perhaps a dozen or two, are accorded this honor.

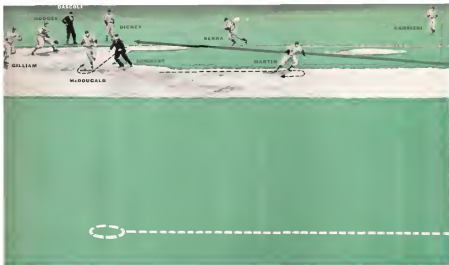
Thus, when a game barely finished is at once added to this select few—instantly caught in memory, so to speak, like an insect perfectly preserved for all time in a piece of clear amber—it is a very rare game indeed.

Such was the seventh and deciding game of the first World Series ever won by the Brooklyn Dodgers. First of all, it was undeniably historic. Then, because it was the culmination of a tre-

mendously spirited comeback by the Brooklyn who, two down after the first two games, won four of the next five to win the Series, it was splendidly dramatic. And, finally, since it marked the end of the curious domination the New York Yankees had held for so long over the Dodgers, and destroyed the latest myth of Yankee invincibility, it was properly epic.

The pitchers were lean, dark, hawk-faced Tommy Byrne, who had crowned his comeback from the minor leagues

continued on next page



THE PLAY THAT MADE HISTORY

In the last half of the sixth inning of the seventh game, with the Dodgers leading 2-0, McDougald on first and Martin on second, no one out and Berra at bat with a count of one ball and no strikes, Podres threw a low, outside fast ball that Berra popped up high and far down the left-field line. Berra ran for first. McDougald, hoping to score the tying run if the ball fell safely, raced for second. Martin went halfway from second toward third and paused to see if the ball would be caught. First-Base Coach

Dickey and Third-Base Coach Crouse stood erect, watching the ball. Bauer, the next batter, knelt in the on-deck circle near Bat Boy Carriell. Plate Umpire Honochick stepped to one side to follow flight of ball. First-Base Umpire Dascoli waited several feet past first. Second-Base Umpire Summers turned to watch base. Third-Base Umpire Ballenfant trotted a few steps toward the outfield. Left-Field Umpire Flaherty moved quickly toward the left-field corner. Podres ran off the mound to back up third

WHEN BROOKLYN WON THE SERIES

continued from page 57

with a victory over the Dodgers in the second game; and blond, blue-eyed youthful Johnny Podres, whose masterful handling of New York in the third game had stopped a Yankee run-away.

The Dodgers, in the first three innings, managed to get just two men on base against Byrne, both by walks, and neither went past first. But the inexorable Yankees, in the last half of the third inning, moved to demolish Podres. With two out Rizzuto walked on four straight bad pitches, and Martin singled. The awkward, dangerous McDougald fenced with Podres, ball by strike, until the count reached the classic three-and-two and John Podres reached the near edge of destruction. As Podres and McDougald fought, the menacing Yogi Berra, waiting to bat next, slowly waved two bats back and forth, seeming bemused, watching

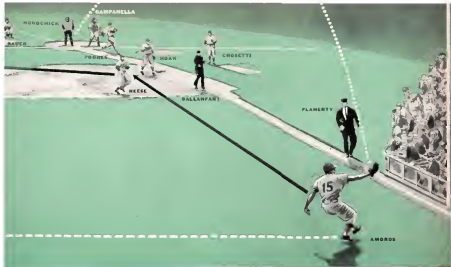
Podres like a patient, hungry cat.

Podres, to his credit, put the three-and-two pitch over the plate, but McDougald tapped a heartbreaking little grounder toward third base that seemed sure to be a safe hit to load the bases, since the third baseman, Hoak, playing back, had no chance to get in to it in time. Rizzuto, hurrying down from second, slid into third . . . and incredibly the slowly moving ball bounced off his leg and ricocheted past the base. No one for a moment knew just what happened, but then it was clear: a batted ball had struck the base runner. Rizzuto was out. The inning was over. The Dodgers were safe. Berra had to put down his bats.

The Dodgers scored the first run of the game in the fourth inning when Gil Hodges, batting with two men out and a runner on third, doggedly stood up to Byrne, even after the left-hander

had sent two good called strikes past him, and then broke the pitcher's heart by hitting a single into left field for the run. They scored again in the sixth, adding what is aptly called the insurance run. This is the one extra run that limits the enemy's maneuvering, alters his strategy and generally provides the team that has it with a pleasant added measure of comfort and confidence in times of stress like, say, the last three innings of the final game of a seven-game World Series.

Comfort, confidence or whatever, everything went well with the Brooklynns. For instance, Manager Walter Alton pressed his luck and tried for even more runs by inserting a pinch hitter for Don Zimmer, his second baseman. The pinch hitter failed, but this was Brooklyn's day, you see, and the move paid off anyway. Gilliam, who had been playing left field, moved to second to replace Zimmer, and little Sandy Amoros, a fleet-footed Cuban, took Gilliam's place in left. And,



base. Catcher Campanella stood near home plate. First Baseman Hodges and Second Baseman Gilliam, playing deep for Berra, ran in to cover their bases. Shootstop Reese ran over to the edge of the outfield grass near third to be in position to relay a throw on to third or home. Third Baseman Hoak waited at the base. Left Fielder Amoros, who had been playing well into left-center field (white circle) for left-handed Berra, sprinted almost 150 feet (dotted line) across the outfield grass toward the point where the ball was dropping into the left-field corner. At the last moment he braked himself on the heel of his left foot and stuck out his right, or gloved, hand to catch the ball. This was the first out

of the inning. McDougald, by now a step past second, turned hurriedly and fled back toward first, but Reese, waiting for the throw from the outfield, glimpsed him from the corner of his eye. In the outfield Amoros, after catching the ball, spun quickly around toward third and rifled it (solid line) in to Reese. Reese took the throw head high on his glove side and without hesitating wheeled and blazed the ball (solid line) across the infield to Hodges at first base. Hodges caught the perfect throw letter-high on a long stretch just in time to double-up the desperately sliding McDougald for the second out. Bauer then came to bat and grounded to Reese for the third out of the historic inning.

almost immediately, in the bottom of that sixth inning, came the fantastic play illustrated in detail above, the play that brought the Yankees crashing down to earth. And Amoros was the key to it. Gilliam, wise men opined, would never have made the play.

The last three innings were brilliant with tension. Now, at last, it seemed that it could be done: the Yankees could lose; and more, the Dodgers could win.

The seventh inning belonged to Pee Wee Reese, the captain of the team, the veteran shortstop who had played in five losing World Series and who wanted so much to win. He charged Skowron's grounder like a ferret, pounced on it and made the play. Cerv hit another grounder that Pee Wee, almost frantic with need, charged and handled. Howard singled but the injured Mickey Mantle, pinch-hitting, popped up behind third, and Reese, rushing under it, bounced with eagerness, waiting, bounced, bounced,

grabbed the ball, and bounced again, lightly now, with the third out in his glove.

In the eighth the Yankees made a last, vain, thrashing grab for victory. Rizzuto singled. Crafty little Martin, two runs behind, tried to push a hit into right, but Furillo came fast and took it at his knees. McDougald rapped a base hit. Berra, the menace, gave Brooklyn pause, but he lifted a high fly to right. Two out now. The fierce Hank Bauer was at bat, and the Yankees were on the edge of the dugout. Podres threw a ball to Bauer, then a called strike. Bauer fouled a pitch back to the screen and took a second ball. Podres set himself and then threw violently, as hard as he could, with so much effort that he fell off the mound toward third base, staggering to keep his balance. The pitch split the plate. Bauer swung and missed, and the crowd roared, a full-throated shout of victory. The Dodgers jounced off the field.

The ninth was Podres' inning. His strength and speed were overpowering, and the anticipation of victory rode on every pitch. Skowron tapped back to the mound, and John, plucking the ball tardily from the setting of his glove, threw him out. Cerv raised an easy fly to Amoros. Howard, the last man, took a called strike (the crowd exploded with noise), a ball, swung and missed (another explosion), took a second ball high. He stepped out of the batter's box, and the crowd jeered impatiently. He stepped back in. He fouled a pitch back, fouled another. The Dodger infield moved restlessly, fidgeting. Podres threw again, a big fat, arrogant changeup that Howard swung at and topped on the ground, fittingly enough toward Reese. Pee Wee fielded it (commenting later that it seemed to take hours to pick up the ball), threw it to first to Hodges, and that was it. After a half century of waiting the Brooklyn Dodgers were champions of the world. (E.N.D.)

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

October 14 through October 23

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14

Boxing

- Ray Dake vs. Tony Balconi, middleweights, Springfield, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)

Football

- S. California vs. Wisconsin, Los Angeles (N)

Golf

- Texas Cup matches begin, Northwood CC, Dallas

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

Auto Racing

- Nat'l SCCA races, Hagerstown, Md.

Football

- (Leading college games)

EAST

- Army vs. Syracuse, West Point, N.Y.
- Boston College vs. Detroit, Boston
- Columbia vs. Harvard, New York
- Penn State vs. Navy, University Park, Pa., 1:45 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC)

Pitt vs. Nebraska, Pittsburgh

- Princeton vs. Colgate, Princeton, N.J.

- Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Alabama vs. Tennessee, Birmingham, Ala.

- Arkansas vs. Texas, Little Rock, Ark.

- Florida vs. LSU, Gainesville, Fla.

- Georgia Tech vs. Georgia, Tallahassee, Fla. (N)

- Kentucky vs. Miss. State, Lexington, Ky. (N)

- N. Carolina vs. Maryland, Chapel Hill, N.C.

- SMU vs. Rice, Dallas, Texas (N)

- TCU vs. Texas A&M, Ft. Worth, Texas

- Tulane vs. Mississippi, New Orleans

WEST

- Hanged vs. Minnesota, Champaign, Ill.

- Indiana vs. Villanova, Bloomington, Ind.

- Iowa vs. Purdue, Iowa City

- Iowa State vs. Missouri, Ames, Iowa

- Michigan vs. Northwestern, Ann Arbor, Mich.

- Michigan State vs. Notre Dame, E. Lansing, Mich.

- 2 p.m. (NBC color TV, Mutual radio). Men to watch: State's Clarence (Hi) Peaks (26) & Notre Dame's Paul Hornung (5)

- Ohio State vs. Duke, Columbus, Ohio

- Oklahoma vs. Kansas, Norman, Okla.

FAR WEST

- Cal of Pac. vs. Dye State, Stockton, Calif. (N)

- Idaho vs. Wash. State, Moscow, Idaho

- Oregon vs. California, Portland, Ore. (N)

- Stanford vs. UCLA, Stanford, Calif.

- Washington vs. Baylor, Seattle

(Professional)

- Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, 7:35 p.m. E.D.T.

Hockey

- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago

- Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

- Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto

Horse Racing

- Hockley Club Gold Cup, \$75,000, 2 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC)

- Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 2-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne, Chicago

- The Garden, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J., 4:30 p.m. E.D.T. (CBS)

Horse Show

- American Royal Livestock Show, Kansas City, Mo. (until Oct. 22)

Hunt Racing

- Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

Football

- Nat'l AAU women's championship, Merristown, N.J.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16

Auto Racing

- AAA 100 m. nat'l championship, Sacramento, Calif.

- NASCAR 100 m. race, Martinsville, Va.

Football

- Chicago Bears vs. Baltimore, Chicago, 1:05 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC*)

- Detroit vs. San Francisco, Detroit, 2:05 p.m. (ABC*)

- Green Bay vs. Los Angeles, Milwaukee, 1:35 p.m. C.S.T.

- New York vs. Chicago Cards, N.Y., 2:05 p.m. E.D.T.

- Washington vs. Cleveland, Washington, 2:05 p.m.*

Hockey

- Boston vs. New York, Boston

- Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago

- Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit

Motorboating

- Donald Campbell to try for world jet speedboat record, Lake Mead, Nev.

- Nat'l 48-hydro inboard & Class E racing on about 100 championships, Sailon Sea, Calif.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 17

Boxing

- Artie Towse vs. Alvin Savage, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (De Mont)

- Vince Marabese vs. Lester Felton, welterweights, Providence, R.I. (10 rds.)

Perceptions

- World championships begin, Bern, Switzerland.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18

Horse Racing

- Greyhound Invitation, \$15,000, free-for-all trot, Brandywine Raceway, Wilmington, Del.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19

Boxing

- Wallace (Bud) Smith vs. Arny Carter, for lightweight title, Cocomart Gardens (15 rds.), (ABC): TV 5-9 p.m.; radio 9-10 p.m.)

Hockey

- New York vs. Toronto, New York.

Rodeo

- Championship Rodeo, Boston (until Oct. 30).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20

Football

- S. Carolina vs. Clemson, Columbia, S.C.

Hockey

- Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

Boxing

- Gil Turner vs. Isaac Logan, welterweights, Mar. 64, St. Gardin, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)

Football

- Detroit vs. Oklahoma A&M, Detroit (N)

- Miami vs. TCU, Miami, Fla., 8:15 p.m. (Mutual)

- UCLA vs. Iowa, Los Angeles (N)

Roller Skating

- World championships, Barcelona (until Oct. 23).

Steeplechase Racing

- Verple Gwathmey Memorial Handicap, \$50,000, about 25 1/2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

Boxing

- Gil Turner vs. Isaac Logan, welterweights, Mar. 64, St. Gardin, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.D.T. (NBC)

Football

- Detroit vs. Oklahoma A&M, Detroit (N)

- Miami vs. TCU, Miami, Fla., 8:15 p.m. (Mutual)

- UCLA vs. Iowa, Los Angeles (N)

Roller Skating

- World championships, Barcelona (until Oct. 23).

Steeplechase Racing

- Verple Gwathmey Memorial Handicap, \$50,000, about 25 1/2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

Holy Cross vs. Boston U., Worcester, Mass.

- Penn vs. Navy, Philadelphia.

- Syracuse vs. Maryland, Syracuse, N.Y.

- W. Virginia vs. Penn State, Morgantown, W. Va.

- Yale vs. Colgate, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Alabama vs. Miss. State, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

- Duke vs. Pitt, Durham, N.C., 2:15 p.m. (ABC)

- Georgia vs. Tulane, Athens, Ga.

- Kentucky vs. Florida, Lexington, Ky. (N)

- Mississippi vs. Arkansas, University, Miss.

- Texas vs. Rice, Austin, Texas

- Texas A&M vs. Baylor, College Station, Texas, 2 p.m. C.S.T.* Men to watch: Aggie's John Crow (44) & Baylor's Del Shofner (27)

WEST

- Kansas vs. SMU, Lawrence, Kan.

- Michigan State vs. Illinois, E. Lansing, Mich.

- Minnesota vs. Michigan, Minneapolis, 1:30 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)* Men to watch: Minnesota's Ken Bonbrader (23) & Michigan's Ron Kramer (20)

- Missouri vs. Nebraska, Columbia, Mo.

- Northwestern vs. Indiana, Evanston, Ill.

- Oklahoma vs. Colorado, Norman, Okla.

- Purdue vs. Notre Dame, Lafayette, Ind., 2:15 p.m. (Mutual)

- Wisconsin vs. Ohio State, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. S. California, Berkeley, Calif., 2 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS)* Men to watch: Cal's John White (44) & Southern Cal's Ice Arnet (25)

- Oregon State vs. Wash. State, Corvallis, Ore.

- Washington vs. Stanford, Seattle

Golf

- U.S. Ryder Cup team vs. U.S. challenge team, Midland, Texas (also Oct. 23).

Hockey

- Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit

- Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal

- Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

- Vineland Handicap, \$40,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, 1 1/8 m., Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

- Interborough Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.D.T. (ABC)

- Mayflower Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 20 yds., 2-yr.-olds, Suffolk Downs, E. Boston, Mass.

- Breeders' Futurity, \$25,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

- Arka King Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.

Horse Show

- Pennsylvania Nat'l Horse Show, Harrisburg, Pa.

Hunt Racing

- Monmouth Co. Hunt Racing Assn., Red Bank, N.J.

Motorboating

- Unlimited hydroplane race, Madison, Ind.

Olympic Games

- Nat'l. Olympic Day

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 100 m. race, N. Wilkesboro, N.C.

Football

- Baltimore vs. Washington, Baltimore, 2:05 p.m.*

- Chicago Cards vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.D.T. (ABC*)

- Cleveland vs. Green Bay, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*

- Los Angeles vs. Detroit, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m.

- P.S.T. (ABC-TV*, Mutual radio)*

- New York vs. Pittsburgh, N.Y., 2:05 p.m. E.D.T.*

- San Francisco vs. Chicago Bears, San Francisco, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.

Hockey

- New York vs. Chicago, New York

*See local listing

THAT LOVELY INTERLUDE

Sir:

It's all over. The tumult and the shouting have died, the heroes are preening themselves in home-town celebrations and the little men who write the record books are sharpening their quills to enthrall future generations.

There were no villains; it was that kind of Series. SI called it on the head some days before the Big Push started by labeling its portraits of Brooklyn greats *Series of Heroes* (SI, Sept. 26). It was a Series of heroes—the great men living up to their great reputations; lesser lights playing like great men; the walking wounded holding the breach, grimacing in pain. The opening game was drama, successive games melodrama, and the turnstiles clicked like machine guns.

It was our national pastime (so the phrase goes) at its best. And the underdog, Brooklyn—beloved, bedraggled, unglamorous Brooklyn, always the also-ran, the runner-up, the butt of jokes—emerged bloody, bowed, but victorious after so many long years.

I want to commend you for your courage (that's successful foolhardiness in retrospect) in coming out for Brooklyn in *This Year the Dodgers?* (SI, Sept. 26). I made use of the scouting cards, which also turned out to be miraculously prophetic ("Duke Snider . . . very dangerous in Ebbets Field . . . essentially low-ball hitter"). For me, the Series was a lovely interlude between a hot and exciting summer and a long, wet winter.

E. A. SHEARSON

New York

THE TIME IS NOW

Sir:

Brooklyn: The Day:
"This is next year!"

BURT SAPERSTEIN

Brooklyn

INHERITANCE

Sir:

Wait'll next year!

(An old Dodger excuse—but from now on—for a while at least—it will be the property of us Yankee fans.)

C. D. SCRICK

New London, Conn.

THEY DID IT

Sir:

Looking at the fine color pictures of the World Series SPECTACLE (SI, Sept. 26), I feel that Hy Peskin and SI did a superb and colorful job.

ELMER BRUNK

Boyersford, Pa.

INSIDE STORY

Sir:

Very much enjoyed the scouting report on the Yankees and Dodgers of your Sept. 26 issue! It contributed a great deal to watching the game, even on television. Since I am not able to see more than

about 10 games a year, it's difficult for me to accumulate the kind of information you put at my disposal in a neat, easy-to-check package.

FRANK J. WENDT

Chicago

BIG THREE

Sir:

We are all happy that Brooklyn won the Series and still excited about that brilliant last game—the great pitching, that wonderful catch and the double play. SI's pre-Series analysis was sharp and clear!



SPORTSWRITERS RICK, PEGLER AND GALLICO

I have spent a lifetime in the wonderful world of sport and have known many of its leading citizens. Years ago I watched another great contest (the '32 Olympics) with three friends who, between them, kept me reasonably well informed on what was happening on the field. The picture I took of them is a rather rare document, I think (see cut). Grantland Rice, West-

brook Pegler and Paul Gallico—three great sportswriters of our time—sitting cheek by jowl. Granny is gone, Pegler turned to other chores and Paul made his farewell to sports many years ago, though I am delighted you have managed to put him back in harness.

SPIDE RATHBUN

Battle Creek, Mich.

TAK!

Sir:

I enjoyed Robert Creamer's article on Leo Durocher's last game as Giant manager (SI, Oct. 5), but was shocked by a glaring error in the reporting of this game. Jack Meyer, not Curt Simmons as you reported, was pitching for the Phillies when Hofman lined into that game-ending triple play. Tak! Tak!

PHILIP WAGNER JR.

Pleasantville, N.J.

• Correct. Meyer had relieved Simmons at the start of the last inning of Durocher's last stand in major-league baseball—ED.

MANY-SPLINTERED FAN

Sir:

I am happy for Bill Rigney and his new assignment (SI, Oct. 5). That guy is no dummy! I used to gather splinters in the left-field bleachers at least four games a week when Bill played shortstop for the Oakland Oaks. Always wondered why they never made a pitcher out of Rigney—he had such a fine arm, he should have been a good one.

Only one thing! As I remember—Rigney had a bad case of rabbit ears in those days



"We don't think much of poor losers here at the club, Hopkins."

and used to let the fans get on him. If this is behind him, he really belongs in the big time.

HOBART FISH

Los Altos, Calif.

● Bill Rigney, the new manager of the Giants, recalls the old days vividly but shrugs off his onetime tormentors. "I don't listen to this sort of thing any more. I stopped hearing them a long time ago—about 1946, when I got to the major leagues."—ED.

FOUR-ARMED FINO?

Sirs:

While reading "Notre Dame Finds a Quarterback" (WW, Oct. 3), I was somewhat taken back by the picture of Paul Hornung awaiting the snap from center.

I played against the 1949 National Championship team from South Bend and while I admit it sometimes felt as if some of the Notre Dame linemen had four arms I could never count more than two.

At first glance it appeared Coach Brennan had not only found a quarterback but, more astoundingly, had come up with a four-armed center.

JOE NEIKIRK

Hickory, N.C.

BEFORE I GO NUTS

Sirs:

Before I go nuts please explain this.
W. D. ATKINS

Holdenville, Okla.

MYTHOLOGY?

Sirs:

Is Siva or one of the other many-armed Hindu deities enrolled at Notre Dame this year?

JACK MCGOVERN

New York

● SI assures the Messrs. McGovern, Atkins and Neikirk and 41 other puzzled readers that, while Paul Hornung is an unusual young man, he has the usual number of arms and legs. Photographer Dick



ARTIST'S SIDE VIEW OF LINEUP

Meek's long lens telescoped four players into an unusual action picture. A side view (see sketch) would have shown Notre Dame Center Don Goss facing Quarterback Hornung (standing) blocks out Fullback Don Schaefer, except for feet and hands.—ED.

TUMMY AND THE COCKING MAIN

Sirs:

Not all the Corinthians (E & D, Oct. 3) live in once-merrie England, nor did Corinthians always concern themselves exclusively with the sporting spectacle of matching boxers. May I quote from the dignified granddaddy of SI, the March 1934 issue of FORTUNE:

"Andrew P. O'Connor, born in America of Irish parents, is a famous handler who has fought cocks for more than 40 years. O'Connor's banner years were 1903-06, when he made a triumphal tour abroad, handling for the Earl of Clonmell, who became his friend and patron. Out of three mains, he won two, the third was a draw; a quarter of a million dollars changed hands in purses and bets."

There were about 50 Corinthians present that day, including His Majesty, King Edward VII, whose friends addressed him as "Tummy," a school nickname. The Earl of Sefton was fighting the cocking main with the Earl of Clonmell.

Punch, the English humor magazine, used this occasion for a political cartoon, Gilding his Spurs, commenting on England's and America's loan to the Japanese navy in order to strengthen it for the impending war with Russia (see end). Some of my friends (whose eyesight I judge defective) told me that Lou Ravenhill, the cartoonist, used me as the model for Uncle Sam. Hat,



PUNCH CARTOON, 1905

cheroot and necktie are mine, but I swear I had nothing to do with that \$75 million loan.

ANDREW P. O'CONNOR
Corinthian 2nd Class

Baltimore

IWO JIMA TO EBETS FIELD

Sirs:

I feel that I have a particularly personal interest in your magazine as Sergeant Mark Kauffman and Lieutenant J. K. Young shared the comforts of a rock one day on Iwo Jima during a fire fight between elements of the 4th Marine Division and the Japanese defenders of the place.

Kauffman got some real shots that day and, judging from his pictures in your magazine, he is still in the middle of any action you send him out to cover.

J. K. YOUNG

Major, USMC

Norfolk, Va.

● Sergeant (later Lieutenant) Mark Kauffman participated with the 4th Marine Division in assault landings on the Marshall Islands, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima; and came away with some memorable combat pictures. One

of the pleasures of being a constantly traveling SI photographer, says Kauffman, is meeting old Marine friends all over the country.—ED.



MARK KAUFFMAN ON SAIPAN

WISHFUL SAILING

Sirs:

I was delighted to see something really new in sailboats (SI, Oct. 3). This hydrofoil water bug is one of those things that make a man exclaim, "Now why didn't I think of that!" And so I have another expensive toy to wish for.

GODFREY GULBRANDSEN

Glendale, Calif.

CLEVELAND IN MOURNING

Sirs:

In the Oct. 3 YESTERDAY there is a picture of Bill Wambegans making the final out of his unassisted triple play. The two Cleveland players pictured in this photo wear black bands around their left arms. Could these possibly be mourning bands for Ray Chapman, the Cleveland shortstop who was killed on Aug. 18, 1920?

LARRY E. REIDER

Marlin, Wash.

● Correct. Ray Chapman was hit on the head by Carl Mays' baseball and died 14 hours later without ever regaining consciousness.—ED.

"THE BALLPLAYER" CONT'D

Sirs:

To opinions holding Hans Wagner, the modest Flying Dutchman, as baseball's greatest player (HOTBOX, SEPT. 26; 19TH HOLE, Oct. 19) should be added that of a top judge of ballplayers, the late John J. McGraw, most successful of New York Giant managers, who stated at his silver jubilee that he regarded Hans Wagner as the greatest baseball star of all time. Telling why, he said:

"He could play any position on the field and play it well. He was a fine catcher, as good a first baseman as I ever saw, one of the best outfielders, the best shortstop and one of the greatest hitters."

I can recall seeing the redoubtable Hans in Brooklyn's old Washington Park thwarting the strategy of intentional passes by lunging out with his extended reach and slamming wide pitches for game-clinching home runs over the centerfield fence. And I can remember some incredible fielding plays—saves of ball games—made by Wagner both to his left and right with his shovel hands, by adept scoops of hot drives, with off-balance throws to first base for decisive putouts.

It might also be of interest to note that several years ago President Eisenhower, then General Lee, told a group of Columbia University undergraduates that when he was a boy he would rather have been Hans Wagner than anybody else. And the General observed that "they still haven't produced as good a shortstop as the famous Flying Dutchman of the Pittsburgh Pirates."

CHARLES STOLZBERG

New Dorp, N.Y.

THE GREATEST

Sirs: After reading Joshua Crane's letter (19TH HOSE, Sept. 19), I am forced to write to you on behalf of the great Tommy Hitchcock.

As one who has played polo with and against the best during the past 25 years, I certainly believe that Tommy Hitchcock was indeed worthy of being generally considered the greatest player the game has ever known. It is interesting to note that the U.S. Polo Association records reveal that Hitchcock held the top rating of 10 goals from 1922 until he retired from the game in 1940, with the exception of one year when he was rated at nine due to a head injury. At no time during the years stated was any player ever rated higher than Tommy Hitchcock.

In 1921, at the age of 31, he played on the American international team in England that returned the Westchester Cup to this country, where it has remained since. Hitchcock played on every team that defended the cup in this country against Great Britain successfully, including the series of 1924, '27, '30 and '39.

To have retained his handicap of 10 goals for a period of 19 years is a record in polo so far unsurpassed. Perhaps to be at the top in any sport for such a period is unheard of.

During the golden age of sport in the '20s Tommy Hitchcock and polo were synonymous. He was to polo what Bobby Jones

was to golf, Tilden to tennis, Babe Ruth to baseball, Dempsey to fighting.

Allow me to take this opportunity of congratulating you on your excellent publication and the fine article on Cecil Smith (31, Sept. 5).

CYRIL R. HARRISON

Camden, S.C.

● Cyril Harrison, who has been rated as high as seven goals, played with a handicap of five on the 1952 national twelve-goal championship Blind Brook team.—ED.

SMART ENOUGH TO BE DUMB

Sirs:

Jimmy Jemall didn't ask me but I'd like to venture an opinion about his question: *Do race horses have intelligence?* (31, Oct. 3). Sure they have intelligence, equine intelligence, and, just like humans, some horses are smarter than others. From man's standpoint, the ideal horse is one smart enough to know what you want him to do and at the same time dumb enough to do it. As a trainer I know once put it, "May the good Lord deliver me from a horse that thinks!"

JOHN E. O'BRIEN

Litchfield, Conn.

AN OLYMPIC SCORING SYSTEM

Sirs:

Regardless of all the deathless prose written about the Olympic Games and the fact that they are not scored, they will be scored, as we all know. The newspapers, magazines, spectators, fans and political parties will score the games in their own fashion and to their own satisfaction.

To put a stop to all this foolishness, why don't the powers that be establish an official scoring system? Why don't they face up to the fact that you can't have a game in which there is no winner and establish a scoring system that would meet the Olympic ideal and eliminate all the phony claimants to the championship?

For what it's worth, here is my suggestion for such a system:

Each event would be scored on a 10 points for first, 9 points for second, etc. basis. However, from the points so earned a deduction of .01 point would be made for each million population of the country represented by the contestant. Thus, the United States would receive about 8.35 points

for each first place scored, while a country like Turkey would be credited approximately 9.7 points for a first. The large countries would not receive any points for finishes that counted less than their "handicap" (no minus scores would result), while the smaller countries could pick up two or three points by finishing toward the end of the first ten.

It would seem to me that this system would eliminate the unfairness of the games to some degree. As things now stand, the small countries have about the same chance that Slippery Rock Teachers College would have if entered in the Big Ten conference.

Maybe this system would work to give the small fellows a chance to get some of the recognition they work for!

CHESTER L. GARNER
Tech. Sergeant, USAF

New York

● SI has heard from many readers proposing or rejecting a national scoring system for the Olympics and would be interested to have the opinions of other readers.—ED.

RETAIN OLD NED

Sirs:

May I be among the first to place my signature on the petition (Ned will sign in my absence—if he has not already done so) to "Keep Old Ned" on the staff of the Happy Knoll Country Club (31, Sept. 28)?

Where in the world today for the price of a Scotch and soda (it may taste like a daiquiri) can you enjoy the comforts of a psychiatrist's couch while sitting at the bar and confiding in Old Ned?

I suggest that the wording of the petition be changed from "Keep Old Ned" to a more exacting "Retain Old Ned." A change of this type will give our club added prestige.

THEODORE E. REILLY
Northampton, Mass.

SPORTS IN EGYPT

Sirs:

I immensely enjoyed the ancient Egyptian paintings of hunting lions by bow and arrow, and ducks by luring them with decoys and then hitting them on the head with a throwing stick (31, Sept. 26). More of this kind of illustrated sports, please.

HIRAM FRANK
Philadelphia



"Follow that car!"

PAT ON THE BACK

BILL GOLDBECK

Bill Goldbeck, 57, celebrates this month his 25th anniversary as the professional at the Mount Kisco, N.Y. Country Club. Although never a Hogan when it came to tournaments, Bill's career almost parallels that of the rise of U.S. golf. He began caddying 47 years ago. He was a pro at 16, making his own irons from broom handles and pieces of discarded water pipe. His woods were made from a hickory stick and a faced block. Two of the more notable pupils in his teaching career were Thomas E. Dewey and Lowell Thomas. Bill's most unusual hole: Daytona Beach, 1931, when one man of a foursome shot a hole in one, Goldbeck had a deuce, the third man parred the par three hole and the fourth man shot a four. Says Bill, "I want to play as long as the good Lord will let me."



GEORGE VAN ORDEN

George M. Van Orden, a 15-year-old high school junior from Triangle, Va. and the son of George O. Van Orden, a retired Marine general, raised U.S. hopes for the Olympics by setting four national records in winning the National Rifle Championship, junior division, in the matches last month at Camp Perry, Ohio. In addition to being a small-bore master, George surprised riflemen everywhere by posting superb scores in the Presidents Cup and Wimbledon Cup matches. He is also the first junior to win the rating of master on scores fired in the National High Velocity championships.



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